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THE FABLES OF *PILPAY*, A Famous Indian PHYLOSOPHER:

Containing many uſeful Rules for the Conduct of Humane Life. Made *Engliſh*, and Addreſs'd to his Highneſs the Duke of *Glouceſter*.

LONDON.

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GR. BIC
BR. MUS.

TO HIS

Illuſtrious Highneſs,

THE

Duke of *Glouceſter*.

WHilſt all the forward Bloom of ſo early a Spring, has already ripen'd thoſe Genuine GLORIES in Your *Highneſs*, that have now call'd YOU, YOUR GREAT SELF, to fill a *Court*, no longer make a Part of One; amongſt the Univerſal Homagers that bend a Knee to ſo Fair a *Riſing Sun*, be pleas'd to admit the Humbleſt of thoſe Knees to lay this Offring at Your Highneſs's Feet.

And if a Preſumption of this kind may not wholly pretend to an Excuſe, at leaſt it may arrogate ſome ſhadow of an Encouragement, when I ſee Your *Highneſs*, like a young *Alexander*, betwixt his *Parmenio* and his *Ariſtotle*; nurſt under an equal Tutorage in *Literature* and *Arms*, a Student in *Arts*, as well as *Glory*: And while you are thus Daily promiſing the World as Rich a Furniture of your *Cloſet*, as your *Armory*, 'tis this Attraction invites me to make this *Oblation* of *Science*, and *Letters*, to Your *Highneſs*. Beſides as this little Hiſtorical Piece, under the Cover of *Fables*, carries the Inſtruction and Illuſtration of all thoſe *Princely Vertues* that ſhine in

Courts, and Adorn the *Throne*; where may I more properly devote these Miniatures of *Morals*, and *Heroick Virtues*, then to Your *Highness*, so shining an ORIGINAL of them?

And as Your *Highness*, adorn'd both with those *Numerous Hereditary Graces*, and so many Acquir'd ones, appears the *Universal Hope* of *Three Kingdoms*, and indeed the Expectation of the *World*; no less enrich'd with those Illustrious Veins, and those Immediate Depending Virtues, Your *Highness* seems Born to give so *Glorious* a *Parentage* their very Foundation of *Immortality*; whilst not only the *Best*, and *Greatest* of *Princes*, but what is yet a Nobler Exaltation, the

Faithfulleſt, Conjugal, ROYAL PAIR, ſhall keep their *Glories* ever Living, in ſo *Darling a Branch* from that *Imperial Root.*

But whilſt I am thus wrapt up into Your *Highneſs's* moſt Exalted MERITS, I muſt now take my Eyes from that dazling Object, to look down on the Poor unworthyneſs of that bold Aſpirer, that dares throw himſelf at Your *Highneſs's* Feet, being, with the Profoundeſt Veneration, and Humility,

Your Highneſs's,

Moſt Devoted, and moſt

Dutiful Servant,

Joſeph Harris.

Advertiſement.

PILPAY, *an* Indian Bramin *is the Author of this Treatiſe. The* Indians *attribute to their Wiſe Men the Name of* Bramin, *as the Greeks give to Theirs, the Title of* Brachmans. *He compoſ'd this little Work, while he govern'd one part of* Indoſtan; *that is to ſay, the Kingdoms that lye between* Indus *and* Ganges, *under the Soveraignty of* Dabſchelim *his Maſter.* Pilpay *has diſplay'd all his Politicks in this little Peice; and according to the Cuſtom of all the Eaſtern People, who never teach but in Parables, he lays before all Kings and Princes the Methods of well Governing their Subjects.* Dabſchelim *for a long time, kept this* Depoſitum *as a great*

great Secret, and left it to his Succeſſours, till the Reign of Nouſchirvan *King of* Perſia.

That Prince, having heard much talk of this Book, ſent his Phyſitian on purpoſe to the Indies, *to procure a Copy of it, whatever it coſt him. The Phyſitian diſcharg'd himſelf of his Truſt to the great Satisfaction of his Maſter; and being a perſon who perfectly underſtood the* Indian *Language, he tranſlated theſe Fables into the Ancient* Perſian *Tongue, call'd* Pahlavy, *and which was uſually ſpoken at that time by the Kings of* Perſia.

The Arabians, *after they had Conquer'd the faireſt Provinces of the Eaſt, began to poliſh the Rudeneſs of their Manners with the Ornaments of Learning. They not only endeavour'd to render their Language Copious and Delightful, but they alſo invited into their Country the moſt Witty and Learned Perſons of all the Nations of the World, to whom they gave great Rewards for Tranſlating all the moſt Remarkable Books of every Country.* Aboul Haſſan Abdalla Almanſor

tranſla-

tranſlated theſe Fables out of Perſian into Arabic, by the order of Abou-Giafar Almanſor, *the* Abaſſid.

This third Tranſlation was attended by a fourth, into the Perſian, by the Command of Naſreh Ben Ahmad. *And* Naſrallah, Ben Mouhammed, Ben Abdelhamed, *tranſlated theſe Fables alſo into the Perſian Language, and this laſt Tranſlation ſurpaſs'd all the Reſt. From thence it was that we tranſlated ours: And they who are not ignorant of the Various and Differing Verſions of the Bible,* Ariſtotle, Euclid, *and* Ptolomy *into Greek, Syriac, and Arabic, will not be ſurpriz'd at the ſeveral Tranſlations of this Book. They will eſteem it the more, ſince frequent Tranſlations are the moſt certain Evidencies of the Excellency of a Work. Therefore the Learned* Bezourg Ommid, *in his Anſwers to* Choſrou *upon the moſt intricate Doubts and knotty Queſtions, while he makes uſe of theſe Fables, ſhews the real Benefit of 'em.*

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There is no need of making any long Diſcourſe upon the Method or Cuſtom of teaching in Parables, ſince it was the Practice obſerv'd by the Saviour of the World amongſt his Apoſtles, to whom, as the Goſpel tells us, he explain'd himſelf particularly in Parables. Before that time the example of Trees, that choſe themſelves a King, recited in the ſecond of Kings, *may ſtop the Mouths of the moſt prepoſſeſs'd. The Jews have ſo well continu'd this manner of Expreſſing their Sence, and unfolding their Doctrines, that it cannot be conceal'd from thoſe who have perus'd the Jewiſh Writings. In the Talmud, Bereſchit, Rabba, Zohar, &c. They make the Waters, Mountains, Trees, and Letters themſelves to ſpeak; as in Rabbi* Akuibae; *which was imitated by* Lucian *in his* Judicium Vocalium. *The reſt of the Orientals follow'd the Example of the Hebrews; the Indians had our* Pilpay, *and the Parables of* Sandhaber, *which are ſtill extant in the Hebrew, from whence our French deriv'd their Romance of the Wiſe Men of* Rome. *The Egyptians and Nubians have their* Lockman, *the moſt ancient of all the*

reſt

reſt, ſince Mirkhond *in his Firſt Volum makes him a Contemporary with* David. *The Arabians alſo have a large Book of Fables, which is in great Reputation among 'em; the Author of which is highly applauded by their Falſe Prophet.*

The Greeks were Imitators of the Eaſtern People; I ſay Imitators, ſince the Greeks themſelves acknowledge that they gain'd this ſort of Learning from Æſop, *who was an Oriental, and whoſe Life being written by the Monk* Planudes, *is the ſame with that of* Lockmans; *inſomuch that as* Mercury *makes a Preſent to* Æſop, *in* Philoſtratus, *the Angels make a Preſent of Wiſdom to* Lockman, *in* Mirkhond.

But we ſhall leave the Reader to make his own Reflexions, and ſay no more but only this, that one of the Reaſons which oblig'd the Eaſtern People, to make uſe of Fables in their Inſtructions and Admonitions was, becauſe the Eaſtern Monarchies being for the moſt part Deſpotic, their Subjects are no leſs reſtrain'd from Free-

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Freedom of Speech; however being an Ingenious People they found out this way, whereby they might be able, without exposing their Lives, to inform and advise their Princes, who treat 'em as Slaves, and will not permit 'em the liberty of Speaking what they think.

THE

THE FABLES OF *PILPAY*:

OR,

The Conduct to be obſerv'd by High and Low.

What gave an Occaſion to the Writing of this Book, and by whom it was Compos'd.

HIſtorians report, That anciently, towards the Confines of *China*, there was a King, whoſe Renown as well as his Vertues were ſpread far and near, and become the admiration of the World. The greateſt Princes of the Earth were ſubject to his Commands. He was attended like a *Feridoun*, lodg'd like *Gemſchid*, potent as *Alex-*

ander, and armed like *Dara*, or *Darius*. His Counſel was compos'd of Perſons of Integrity and Learning. His Riches were immenſe, his Arms numerous, and himſelf both Valiant and Juſt. Rebels felt his Anger; his Souldiers imitated his Valour; his Juſtice humbled the Pride of Tyrants, and his Goodneſs ſuccour'd the Miſerable. In a word, under the Empire of *Humayon-Fal*, for ſo this vertuous Emperour was call'd, the People were happy, while exact Inquiſition was made after the Wicked, and care was taken to puniſh 'em as Enemies to the Public Tranquility.

Juſtice ought to be the Rule of every Prince's Actions, who deſires his Kingdom and his Throne ſhould be Eſtablish'd like the Reſidence of God: But if he omits to adminiſter Juſtice, let him be aſſur'd, his Dominions will not be long ſecure from utter Ruin.

This King had a Viſir, or Prime Miniſter, who lov'd the People like a real Father; he was Merciful and Compaſſionate; and his Counſels, like Tapers, gave light to the moſt hidden Secrets of the State. His Name was *Gnogeſtebrai*, that is to ſay, ſucceſsful Counſel, becauſe that by the addreſs of his Wit he had render'd the Kingdom happy; ſo that the King never undertook any Enterpriſe without conſulting him. He did every thing by his Advice, and without it nothing proſper'd.

One Day that the King rode a Hunting, the Viſir attended on him; and after the Sport and Pleaſure of their Exerciſe was over, the King was deſirous to return to his Palace: But the heat of the Sun was ſo violently ſcorching, that the King told the Viſir, he was not able

able to endure it. The Viſir anſwer'd, That if it were his Majeſty's pleaſure, he might go to the Foot of the Mountain where he would be ſure of cool Shade, and the refreſhing Breezes of the Wind, and that there they might ſpend the heat of the Day. The King follow'd his Advice, and in a little time they got to the place, where the Coolneſs, caus'd by the ſhade of ſeveral Trees that Nature ſeem'd to have taken delight to plant by the ſides of ſundry Fountains, made 'em forget the Heat which they had endur'd upon the open Road. The King finding the Covert very delightful, ſat down upon the green Graſs, and falling into a deep Contemplation of the Works of God, he admir'd the inimitable Painting of the Flowers and Paſtures that offered themſelves to his ſight.

As he was looking round about him, he ſpy'd the Trunk of a Tree, which the rottenneſs of the Wood declard to be decay'd and very old, and wherein there was a ſwarm of Bees that were making Honey: Upon which, he asked the Viſir, what thoſe little Creatures were? Moſt Sovereign Monarch, *replied the Viſir*, thoſe little Creatures are very beneficial, and do very little harm: They have a King among 'em, call'd *Jaſoub*, who is bigger than the reſt, and whom they all obey; he reſides in a little ſquare Apartment, and has a Viſir, his Porters, his Serjeants, and his Guards; and the Induſtry of all his Officers is ſuch, that they frame every one for themſelves a little ſix-corner'd Chamber of Wax, the Angles of which differ not at all the one from the other, but are ſo exactly made to anſwer one another, that the moſt expert Geo-

metrician could not order 'em with more regularity. These little Chambers finish'd, the Visir takes of 'em an Oath of Fidelity; which is never to defile themselves. According to which promise, they never light but upon the Branches of Rose-bushes or odoriferous Flowers, so that their Food is digested in a little time, and chang'd into a certain Substance of a sweet and pleasing Taste. When they return home the Porters smell to 'em, and if they have no ill scent about 'em they are permitted to enter; but if they have any ungrateful scent they kill 'em. Or if they negligently suffer any one that has an ill Scent to enter, and the King happens to smell it, he sends for the Porters and puts them and the Offender to death at the same time. If any strange Fly endeavours to enter their Community, the Porters oppose him, and if he seeks to enter by Force he is put to death. Historians also report, that *Gemschid* learnt to build his Palace, to have Visirs, Porters, Guards and Officers from these little Creatures.

When the King had heard the Visir thus Discourse, he went near the Tree, stood still to behold the little Animals at Work, and after he had well consider'd 'em, he admir'd to see a Society of Insects so well govern'd. His Visir beholding him wrapt up with Astonishment, Sir, *said he*, all this good Order depends only upon the good Counsel and prudent Conduct of wise and able Ministers, well affected to their Princes, and lovers of the public Peace, and these are they that always preserve an Empire in a flourishing Condition. In that we ought to follow the Example of the Great *Dabschelim*, who resigned the Government of his Kingdoms

doms to the good Counſels of the prudent *Bramin Pilpay*; inſomuch, that by the good Guidance of that Miniſter, he reign'd in Peace while he liv'd, and dying left to his Poſterity the happy Memory of his Name.

When the King heard him pronounce the Names of *Dabſchelim* and *Pilpay*, he felt in himſelf the motions of a more than ordinary Joy. I have, *ſaid he to his Viſir*, for a long time moſt earneſtly deſired to hear the Story of that *Bramin*'s Government, but never yet could meet with an Opportunity to ſatisfie my ſelf; now I give thanks to Heaven, for that my Deſires may in ſome meaſure be fulfil'd. I deſire you therefore to repeat it to me, to the end his wholſome Counſels may be beneficial as well to the Public, as to every particular Perſon. *Whereupon the Viſir thus began.*

The Story of Dabſchelim *and* Pilpay.

I Have learnt from Men of Wit and Learning, that in one of the Cities of *India*, that was the Metropolis of it, there reign'd a Prince, whoſe Miniſters, Perſons of clear Parts and deep Inſight, by their Counſels rendred his Subjects happy, and ſtill ſucceſsfully brought to paſs the juſt Deſigns of their Sovereign. He was a ſworn Enemy of Oppreſſion; nor could the Wicked gain their Ends in his Dominions, becauſe they were always ſeverely puniſhed. This King was call'd by the Name of *Dabſchelim*, (a Name moſt proper for ſuch a Prince, as ſignifying in their Language, *a Great King*)

His Puiſſance was ſuch, that he undertook none but extraordinary Enterpriſes. His Army was compos'd of ten thouſand Elephants; and as for valiant and experienc'd Soldiers he had 'em about him in great numbers, and his Treaſures full to ſupport 'em. All this render'd him formidable to his Enemies, and procur'd the Repoſe of his People, of whom he took a particular care himſelf, hearing their Complaints and Differences with delight, compoſing their Quarrels, and making himſelf the Arbitrator of their Diſputes, without any reſpect to his Grandeur and Magnificence. He never forſook the Intereſts of his People, but referr'd their Affairs to the Debates and Deciſions of Men of Juſtice and Equity. After he had taken ſuch good Order for the Government of his Dominions, he liv'd in Tranquility, and ſpent his Days with Happineſs and Content. One day that he had been entertain'd with diverſe Diſcourſes upon ſeveral Sciences, he laid himſelf down upon his Bed, to give ſome relaxation to his Mind: Which he had no ſooner done, but he ſaw in a Dream a certain Figure full of Light and Majeſty, which ſpake to him theſe Words, *You have done this day a good Action for the ſake of God, and you ſhall be rewarded for it. To morrow, by break of day, get a Horſeback, and ride toward the Eaſt, where you ſhall find an ineſtimable Treaſure, by the means of which you ſhall exceed all other Men.* Preſently *Dabſchelim* awoke, and ſet himſelf to conſider of this vaſt Treaſure.

By break of day he mounted one of his moſt beautiful Horſes, which he order'd to be harneſs'd with Saddles of Gold, and Bridles all Enamell'd, and away he rid directly Eaſt-ward.

He

He rode through ſeveral Inhabited places, and at length arriv'd in a Deſert, where Viewing the Country, and caſting his Eyes on every ſide, to diſcover his expected Happineſs, he perceiv'd a very high Mountain, that reach'd above the Clouds, at the Foot of which he ſpy'd a Cave obſcure and dark, and black within as the Hearts of wicked Men. At the ſame time, he ſaw ſitting without a Man, whoſe Aſpect alone ſufficiently ſhew'd the auſterity of his Life. The King had a great deſire to ride up to him, when the old Man underſtanding his Intention, and breaking ſilence, Sir, *ſaid he*, tho' my ſmall Cottage be nothing like to your magnificent Palace, yet it is an Ancient Cuſtom, for Kings, out of their Goodneſs, to come and viſit the Poor. The looks of great Men caſt down upon the Poor augment their Grandeur. *Solomon* in the midſt of all his Glory and Magnificence vouchſaf'd to caſt his Eyes upon the little Emets.

Dabſchelim was pleas'd with the old Mans Civility, and alighted from his Horſe, to diſcourſe him; and after he had talk'd to him of diverſe things, the King was going to take his leave of the old Man, who made him this Complement; Sir, *ſaid he*, 'tis not for a poor Man as I am, to offer any refreſhment to ſo Potent a Prince as You are; But I have a Preſent, if your Majeſty pleaſes to accept it, which has deſcended to me from Father to Son, and which is appointed for you. This Preſent is a Treaſure which I have here by me; if your Majeſty thinks it worth your Acceptance, command your Servants to ſeek for it. *Dabſchelim*, hearing theſe Words, recounted his Dream to

the good old Man, who rejoic'd extreamly to find that his intentions were conformable to the Will of God.

Upon this, the King commanded his Servants to ſearch for the Treaſure round about the Cave, and in a little time they diſcover'd what they ſought for; and ſhew'd the King ſeveral Cheſts and Coffers full of Gold, Silver and Jewels. But among the reſt of the Cheſts there was one of a ſmaller ſize which was bound about with ſeveral Bars of Iron, and environ'd with ſeveral Padlocks, the Keys of which were not to be found, notwithſtanding all the Care and Diligence that was us'd to ſeek 'em out. This increas'd the Kings Curioſity: There muſt be ſomthing, ſaid he, within this little Casket, much more precious than Jewels, ſince it is ſo ſtrongly, and ſo heedfully Barr'd and Lockt. Preſently a Smith was ſent for, and the Casket being broken open, there was found within it another ſmall Trunk of Gold, ſet all over with precious Stones, and within that, another leſſer Box, which the King order'd to deliver'd into his hands. So ſoon as this little Box was open'd, he found therein a piece of white Sattin, upon which were written ſome Lines in the *Syriac* Language. *Dabſchelim* was aſtoniſh'd at the Accident, and in great perplexity to know what the words might ſignifie. Some ſaid, it was the name of the Owner of the Treaſure: Others, that it was a *Taliſman* or ſome Charm for the Preſervation of the Treaſure. But after every one had deliver'd his Opinion, 'twas the Kings Pleaſure that inquiry ſhould be made for ſome Perſon who was able to Interpret the meaning of the Lines. At lengthafter long

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ſearch a Perſon was found who underſtood Foreign Languages, who after he had read the Writing, Sir, *ſaid he to the King*, This Writing contains a great many Exhortations, which are theſe that follow.

I, King *Houſchenk*, have diſpos'd of this Treaſure for the Great King *Dabſchelim*, underſtanding, by divine Revelation, Him to be the Perſon for whom it is deſign'd. But among the Precious Stones, I have conceal'd my laſt Will and Teſtament, by way of Inſtruction, and to let him know that it is not for Men of Reaſon and Underſtanding, to be dazl'd with the luſter of glittering Treaſures. Riches are but borrow'd Conveniences; which are to be repay'd to our Succeſſours. The Pleaſures of this World, that are ſo Charming, however are not Eternal. This Teſtament is an Abridgment to regulate the Conduct of Kings, and he muſt be a Wiſe Prince who follows theſe Inſtructions. Who ever ſhall deſpiſe 'em and refuſe to follow 'em, according to what is contain'd under theſe fourteen Heads, let him be aſſur'd of loſing his Empire.

The Firſt Admonition is, that he never diſcard his Domeſtic Servants at the Sollicitation of another. For he that is near the Perſon of a King ſhall never want perſons who will be always envious and jealous of his Happineſs; who when they ſee that the King has any Affection for him, ceaſe not by a thouſand Calumnies to render him odious to his Maſter.

The Second is, that he never ſuffer in his Company Flatterers nor Backbiters, for they are always ſeeking occaſions of Diſturbance.

'Tis better to Exterminate ſuch People, than to let 'em be a trouble to Human Society.

The Third, that he always preſerve his Miniſters and Grandees in a right Underſtanding one of another, to the end they may Unanimouſly labour the Preſervation of the State.

The Fourth, that he never truſt to the ſubmiſſions of his Enemies. The more affection they teſtifie, and the louder Proteſtations they make of their ſervice, the more their Artifices are to be miſtruſted. There is no relying upon the Friendſhip of an Enemy: He is to be ſhun'd, when he approaches with the Countenance of a Friend, as dry Wood ſhuns a well kindl'd Fire.

The Fifth, when a Man has once acquir'd what he has diligently ſought after, he ought to preſerve it carefully, ſeeing we have not every Day the ſame opportunity to gain it, and when we have not preſerv'd what we have acquir'd, we have nothing left us but the Vexation to have loſt it. We cannot fetch the Arrow back which we have once let fly, tho' we ſhould eat our Fingers for madneſs.

The Sixth is, that we never ought to be two haſty in Buſineſs, but on the other ſide, before we put any enterprize in Execution, it behoveth us to weigh and Examin what we are are going to do. Things done in haſt and with a precipitate Raſhneſs, come to a Miſchievous Concluſion. A Man may do that which was never done before, but he repents in vain who has done amiſs.

The Seventh is, that He never deſpiſe Good Counſel and Prudence: If there be a neceſſity for him to make Peace with ſome Enemies,

to

to deliver himſelf out of their Hands, let him do it without delay.

The Eighth is, to avoy'd the Company of Diſſemblers, and never to hearken to their glozing Speeches; for ſeeing that in their Boſoms they carry nothing but the Plants of Enimity, they can never bring forth the Fruits of real Friendſhip.

The Ninth is, to be merciful, and never to puniſh his Servants for a ſlight Fault committed through Infirmity. For a Merciful Prince upon Earth, is an Angel in Heaven. They ought to conſider the Weakneſs of Men, and in charity and goodneſs to conceal their Defects. Subjects have always committed Faults, and Kings have always pardon'd 'em, when they have only committed the Faults of Subjects.

The Tenth is, not to procure the Harm of any Perſon; on the other-ſide, we ought to do our Neighbour all the Good we can. If you do Good, Good will be done to you; But if you do Evil, the ſame will be Meaſur'd to you.

The Eleventh is, not to ſeek after any thing that may be contrary to his Dignity. There are many Perſons who let alone their own Affairs, and intrude themſelves into other peoples Buſineſs, and at laſt do nothing at all. The Crow would needs learn to Fly like the Partridge, and it was a way of Flying, which he could never attain; and ſo he forgot his own.

The Twelfth is, to be of a Mild and Affable Humour. Mildneſs in Society is like Salt in Victuals; as Salt ſeaſons and gives a reliſh to our Meat, the other gives Content to every

Body : The Sword of Iron is not ſo ſharp as the Sword of Mildneſs ; it vanquiſhes Invincible Armies.

The Thirteenth is, to have Faithful Servants, and never to admit of Knaves and Deceivers. By this means the Kingdom will be ſafe, and the Kings Secrets will never be reveal'd.

The Fourteenth and the laſt is, never to be diſturb'd at the Accidents of this World. A Man of Spirit and Reſolution ſuffers all manner of Adverſities, and relies upon the Providence of God. A Fool minds nothing but his Paſtime and his Pleaſures.

There are ſeveral Stories upon every one of theſe Heads, which if the King will be pleaſ'd to hear, he muſt go to the Mountain *Serandib*, which was the Manſion of our Father *Abraham*, and there all his Doubts and Difficult Queſtions will be unfolded, and his intentions accompliſh'd. God grant us Peace.

When the Learned Man had done reading, *Dabſchelim* embrac'd him, and having receiv'd back again the piece of Sattin, which he took with great reſpect, he ty'd it about his Arm, ſaying at the ſame time, I was promis'd a Worldly Treaſure, and I have found a Treaſure of Secrets. God has favour'd me with Plenty of his Bleſſings ; and preſently he order'd the Gold and Silver to be diſtributed to the Poor, to the end his Charity might be ſerviceable to procure the repoſe of King *Houſchenk*'s Soul ; and having ſo done, he return'd to his Capital City, and went to his Palace, where all that Night he did nothing but ruminate upon the Journey which he was to make to *Serandib*.

The

The next Morning by Sun-riſe, *Dabſchelim* ſent for two of his Principal Miniſters, in whom he had a great Confidence. To them he diſcover'd his Dream, and what had afterwards befallen him, and told 'em he had a great deſire to take a Progreſs to *Serandib*. I have a long time, *ſaid he to 'em*, taken this courſe to Adviſe with my Counſel before I undertook any of my Enterpriſes, and now I am willing to refer my ſelf wholly to your Judgments, what you think fitting for me to do upon this Occaſion. The two Miniſters deſir'd the Remainder of the Day and the Night following, to examin the Affair, and after due Conſideration to return their Anſwer. *Dabſchelim* granted their Requeſt, and the next Day they came to wait upon the King, and every one being ſeated in their Places, ſo ſoon as the King had made 'em the ſign to ſpeak, the Grand Viſir fell upon his Knees and thus began.

Sir, *In my Opinion this Journey will be more painful than profitable, becauſe that Perſon who undertakes long Journeys renounces at the ſame time all manner of Repoſe. Your Majeſty is not Ignorant of the Dangers and Hazards to which the Roads are Subject. 'Tis not then for a Man of Diſcretion to change his Quiet and Eaſe for Labour and Diſturbance; it rather behoves him to call to Remembrance the Fable of the Pigeon that would needs be a Traveller, and the Dangers which he met with.*

The Fable of the Travelling Pigeon.

SIR, *ſaid the Viſir*, there were two Pigeons that liv'd happily together in their Neſts, ſafely ſhelter'd from all the injuries of the Weather, and contented with a little Water and a few Tares. 'Tis a Treaſure to live in a Deſert when we enjoy the happineſs of a Friend; and there is no loſs in quitting for the ſake of ſuch a one, all other company in the World. But it ſeems, that Deſtiny has no other Buſineſs in this World, than to ſeparate Friends. One of theſe Pigeons was call'd the *Beloved*; the other, the *Lover*. One day the *Beloved*, having an eager deſire to Travel imparted his deſign to his Companion. Muſt we be always, *ſaid he*, confin'd to a Hole? For my part, I am reſolv'd to take a Tour about the World. Travellers every day meet with new things, and acquire Experience; and great and learned Men have told us, that Travelling was the only means to acquire that Knowledge which we want and ſtand in need of. If the Sword be never unſheath'd, it can never ſhew the Valour of the Perſon that Wears it; and if the Pen takes not it's Run through the Extent of a Page, it can never ſhew the Eloquence of the Author that uſes it. The Heavens, by reaſon of their perpetual Motion, exceed the Regions beneath them, and the Earth is the ſolid Place for all Creatures to tread upon, becauſe it is Immoveable. If a Tree could remove it ſelf from one Place to another, 'twould never be afraid of the Saw, nor the Wedge, nor would be expos'd

expos'd to the ill uſage of the Wood-mongers.

All this is true, *ſaid the* Lover; but my dear Companion, you have never undergone the Fatigues of Travel, nor do you underſtand what it is to live in Foreign Countries. Travelling is a Tree of which the chiefeſt Fruit is Labour and Diſquiet. If the Fatigues of Travelling are very great, Anſwer'd the *Beloved*, they are abundantly rewarded with the pleaſure of ſeeing a thouſand Rarities; and when people are accuſtom'd to Labour they never look upon it to be any Hardſhip.

Travelling, *reply'd the* Lover, is never delightful, but when you Travel in Company of your Friends: For when we are at a far Diſtance from 'em; beſides that we are expos'd to the injuries of the Weather, we are griev'd to find our ſelves ſeparated from the Perſons that we Love: And therefore never leave the Place where you live at eaſe, nor forſake the Object of your deareſt Affection.

If I find theſe Hardſhips unſupportable, *reply'd the* Beloved, I will return in a little time. Now after they had thus reaſon'd the Caſe together, they went to their Reſt, and meeting the next Morning, they took their Leaves of each other, and ſo parted.

The *Beloved* left his Hole, like a Bird that has made his eſcape out of a Cage; and nothing pleas'd him better than the Proſpect of the Mountains and Gardens which he flew over; and when he was arriv'd at the foot of a little Hill, where ſeveral Rivolets ſhaded with lovely Trees water'd the charming Meadows, he reſolv'd to ſpend the Night in a Place that

ſo

ſo effectually reſembl'd a Terreſtrial Paradiſe. But hardly had he betaken himſelf to his Repoſe upon a Tree, when the Air grew gloomy, and the ſwift Hurls of Lightning began to flaſh againſt his Eyes, while the Thunder rattled through the Plains at the ſame time. The Rain alſo, and the Hail caus'd the poor Pigeon to hop from Bow to Bow. In ſhort, he ſpent the Night ſo ill, that he repented his having left his Comrade.

The next Morning, the Sun having diſpers'd the Clouds, the *Beloved* departed with a reſolution to return Home, when a Sparrow-hawk, having a keen Appetite, and perceiving our Traveller, purſu'd him upon the Wing. The Pigeon ſeeing him at a diſtance fell a trembling, and utterly deſpairing to ſee his Friend again, and no leſs ſorry that he had not follow'd his Advice, proteſted that if ever he eſcap'd that Danger, he would never think of Trevelling more. In the mean time the Sparrow-hawk overtook him, and was juſt ready to ſeize him, and tear him in Peices, when a hungry Eagle whoſe Claws no other Bird of Prey could eſcape, lancing down with a full Stoop upon the Sparrow-hawk, Hold, *ſaid he*, let me devour that Pigeon to ſtay my Stomach, till I find ſomthing elſe more Solid. The Sparrow-hawk no leſs Couragious than hungry, would not give way to the Eagle, and ſo the two Birds of Prey fell to Fighting one with another. In the mean time the Pigeon eſcap'd, and perceiving a Hole ſo ſmall that would hardly give entrance to a Titmouſe, he made a ſhift to ſlip in, and ſo ſpent the Night in a World of fear and Trouble.

By

By break of Day he got out again, but he was become ſo weak for want of Food that he could hardly fly. More then that, he had hardly recover'd himſelf from the fear he was in the day before, but as he was looking round about him to ſee whether the Sparrow-hawk or the Eagle appear'd, he ſpy'd a Pigeon in a Field with a great deal of Corn ſcatter'd in the Place where he was feeding. The *Beloved* drew near this happy Pigeon as he thought him, and without Complements fell to: But he had hardly peckt above three or four Grains but he found himſelf caught by the Legs. For the Pleaſures of this World are but Snares which the Devil lays for us.

Brother, *ſaid the* Beloved *to the Pigeon*, we are both of one and the ſame Species; wherefore did not you inform me of this peice of Treachery, for then I ſhould not have fallen into theſe Springes they have lay'd for us. To which the other Anſwer'd, Forbear this Language; there is no body can prevent his Deſtiny; nor can all the Prudence of Man preſerve him from inevitable Accident. Thereupon the *Beloved* beſought him to teach him ſome Expedient proper to free himſelf from the danger that threatned him. Poor innocent Creature, *Anſwer'd the other*, If I knew any means, you might be ſure I would make uſe of it to deliver my ſelf, that ſo I might not be the Occaſion of ſurprizing others of my fellow Creatures. Like the young Camel, who weary with Travelling, cry'd to his Mother with Tears in his Eyes, O Mother without affection, ſtop a little, that I may take Breath and reſt my

ſelf,

ſelf: To whom the Mother, O Son without conſideration, *ſaid ſhe*, ſeeſt thou not that my Bridle is in the Hands of another; were I at liberty I would throw down my Burthen and give thee my Aſſiſtance: At length therefore our Traveller, ſtrengthen'd by his own Deſpair, with much ſtriving and long fluttering broke the Net, and taking the benefit of his unexpected good Fortune, bent his Flight toward his own Country: And ſuch was his Joy for having eſcap'd ſo great a Danger, that he forgot his Hunger. However paſſing through a Village, and lighting upon a Wall that was over againſt a Field newly ſown, a Country Man that was keeping the Birds from his Corn, perceiving the Pigeon, ſlung a Stone at him, dreaming nothing leſs than of the Harm that was ſo near him, and hit him ſo terrible a Blow, that he fell almoſt quite ſtun'd into a deep and dry Well, that was at the Foot of the Wall; ſo that the Country Man not being able to come at his Prey, left it in the Well and never thought more of it. There the Pigeon remain'd all the Night long with a ſad Heart, and his Wing half broken. He wiſh'd himſelf a thouſand times at home with his Friend; and the next Day ſo beſtir'd himſelf, that he got out of the Well and arriv'd at his own Hole.

The *Lover* hearing the fluttering of his Companions Wings, flew forth with a more than ordinary joy to meet him; but ſeeing him ſo weak and in ſo bad a condition, ask'd him the reaſon of it: Upon which the *Beloved* up and told him all his Adventures, proteſting withal to ſtay at home and never to Travel more.

I have recited this Example to your Majeſty, to diſſuade you from preferring the Inconveniences of Travelling, before the Repoſe that you enjoy. Wiſe Viſir, *ſaid the King*, I muſt acknowledge it a painful thing to Travel; but 'tis no leſs true, that there is great Profit, and uſeful Knowledge to be gain'd by it. Should a Man be always ty'd to his own Home or his own Country, he would be depriv'd the Sight and Enjoyment of an infinite Number of noble things. Your Falcons are valu'd becauſe Princes frequently carry 'em upon their Fiſts, and for that they quit the lazy Life which they lead in their Neſts. On the other ſide, Owls are contemn'd, becauſe they always hide themſelves in Ruinous Buildings and Dark Holes, and delight in nothing but Retirement. The Mind of Man ought to fly a broad and ſore like the Falcon, not to hide it ſelf like the Owl: He that Travels renders himſelf acceptable to all the World, and Men of Wit and Learning are pleas'd with his Converſation. There is nothing more Clear and Limpid than Running-water, but Standing Waters grow Thick and Muddy. Had the Falcon that was bred in the Ravens Neſt, never flown abroad, he would never have been ſo highly advanc'd. *Upon which the Viſir beſought the King to recite that Fable, which he did in the following manner.*

The Fable of the Falcon and the Raven.

THere were two Falcons which had built their Neſts in a very High Mountain, from whence they flew every way round 'em to ſeek Food for their young ones. One day that they were flown abroad upon the ſame deſign, they ſtay'd from their Neſts a little too long. For in that time one of the Young ones, very hungry, put his Head ſo far out of the Neſt that he fell from the Top to the Foot of the Mountain; at what inſtant a Raven that happen'd to be in that part met with it. At firſt he took it for a Rat which ſome other Raven had let fall, but finding by his Beak and his Talons that he was a Bird of Prey, he began to have a kindneſs for it; and looking upon himſelf as an Inſtrument ordain'd by Heav'n to ſave the Helpleſs Bird, he carry'd it to his own Neſt, and bred it up with his own Young ones. Thus the Falcon grew every day bigger and bigger, and coming at length to be of Age to make Reflexions, he ſaid to himſelf, If I am Brother to theſe Ravens, why am I not made as they are? But if I am not of their Race and Progeny, what do I tarry here for? One day that he was taken up with theſe Meditations, Son, *ſaid the Raven to him*, I have obſerv'd thee for ſome time to be very Sad and Penſive; I would fain know the Cauſe of it: If any thing grieve thee, conceal it not from me, for I will endeavour thy Relief and Conſolation. I know not the Reaſon my ſelf, reply'd the Falcon; but I was reſolv'd to beg your

your Permiſſion to Travel, in hopes thereby to diſſipate my Melancholy. Oh Son, *cry'd the Raven*, thou art forming a Deſign i'thy Pate, that will create thee an infinite deal of Pains and Care. Travelling is a kind of Sea that ſwallows up all the World. People never Travel, unleſs it be either to get great Eſtates, or elſe becauſe they cannot live Contented and Eaſie at Home: And neither of theſe two Reaſons, thanks to Heaven, can have infus'd this Deſign into thy Brain, becauſe thou want'ſt for nothing. Thou haſt the Abſolute Command over thy Brothers and Siſters: 'Tis a great Folly therefore in thee to quit an aſſur'd Repoſe at Home, to Ramble in ſearch of Trouble and Diſquiet in Foreign Countries. To this the Falcon, Sir, *ſaid he*, what you tell me is very true, and I take it for a demonſtration of your Parternal Kindneſs; but I feel in my ſelf ſomthing that perſuades me that I lead a Life here in this Place, not worthy of my ſelf. Then the Raven underſtood, that in deſpite of a Bad Education, perſons Nobly deſcended are ſtill the Maſters of Sentiments becoming their Birth. The Raven would have put him upon other Diſcourſe, and to that purpoſe, Son, *ſaid he*, my Exhortations are perſuaſions to Sobriety, but thoſe High ſoaring Thoughts of thine, are only the Effects of Avarice. For know that whoever is not contented with what he has, can never be at quiet in his mind, and becauſe I find thou art not ſatisfy'd with thy Condition I am afraid leſt what befel the Greedy and Ambitious Cat will befal thee alſo. *The Story is this.*

The

The Fable of the Greedy and Ambitious Cat.

THere was formerly an Old Woman extreamly Gaunt and Meagre, that liv'd in a little Cottage as dark and gloomy as a Fools Heart, and as cloſe ſhut up as a Miſer's Hand. She had a Cat that never ſaw any other than the likeneſs of Bread, never beheld the face of a Stranger, and was forc'd to be contented with only ſmelling the Mice in their Holes, or to ſee the Prints of their Feets in the Duſt; or if by ſome extraordinary lucky Chance ſhe happen'd to catch a Mouſe, ſhe was like a Beggar that diſcovers a Treaſure; her Viſage and her Eyes were enflam'd with Joy, and that Booty ſerv'd her for a whole Week together; and out of the Exceſs of her Admiration, ſhe would cry to her ſelf, Heav'ns! Is this a Dream, or is it Real? Nevertheleſs, becauſe the Cottage was ſtill the Manſion of Famin for Cats, ſhe ſtill bewail'd her Wants. One day ready to dye for Hunger ſhe got upon the ridge of her Enchanted Caſtle, and ſpy'd from thence another Cat, that was ſtalking upon a Neighbours Wall like a Lion, and walking along as if ſhe had been counting her Steps, and ſo Fat that ſhe could hardly go. The Old Woman's Cat, aſtoniſh'd to ſee a Creature of her own Species, ſo Plump and ſo Large, with a loud Voice, Hark ye me, *ſaid ſhe to her purſey Neighbour*, You look as if you came from one of the Khan of *Kathai's* Feaſts; I conjure ye, to tell me how you came to have your Skin ſo well

well ſtuft? At a Kings Table, reply'd the Fat Puſs; I go to the Houſe every Day about Dinner time, and there I lay my Paws upon ſome good Morſel or other, which ſerves me till the next day. The Lean Cat enquir'd the Way to the Houſe, and deſir'd the Plump Cat to carry her one day along with her. Moſt willingly, *ſaid the Fat Puſs*, for thou art ſo Lean that I pity thy Condition. Upon this promiſe they parted; and the Lean Cat return'd to the Old Woman's Chamber, where ſhe told her Dame the whole Story of what had befallen her. The Old Woman endeavour'd to diſſuade her Cat from proſecuting her Deſign, admoniſhing her withal to have a care of being deceiv'd; for, *ſaid ſhe*, the Deſires of the Ambitious are never to be ſatiated, but when their Mouths are ſtuff'd with the Dirt of their Graves. Sobriety and Temperance are the only things that enrich a Man. I muſt tell thee, Poor ſilly Cat, that they who Travel to ſatisfie their Ambition, have no Knowledge of Good Things nor are they truly thankful to Heaven for what they enjoy, who are not contented with their Fortune.

But the Lean Cat had conceiv'd ſo fair an Idea of the Kings Table, that all the Old Womans Judicious Remonſtrances enter'd in at one Ear and out at t'other, in ſhort; ſhe departed the next day with the Fat Puſs to go to the Kings Houſe; but before ſhe got thither, her Deſtiny had laid a Snare for Her. For being a Houſe of good Chear, it was ſo haunted with Cats that the Servants had orders to kill all the Cats that came near it, by reaſon of a great Robbery committed in the Kings Lard-

er

er the Night before by ſeveral Grey Malkins. However the old Woman's Cat believing her ſelf out of Danger, no ſooner ſaw a diſh of Meat unobſerv'd by the Cooks, but ſhe took Livery and Seizinof it; but as ſhe was enjoying her ſelf under the Dreſſer-board, and feeding heartily upon her ſtollen Morſels, one of the Teſty Officers of the Kitchin, miſſing his Meat, and ſeeing where the Cat was Solacing her ſelf with the Kings Meſs, threw his Knife at the Cat with ſuch an unlucky hand, that he ſtuck her full i the Breaſt. However, as a Cat has Nine Lives, the Cat made a ſhift to get away for all that. But, in her flight obſerving the Blood come ſtreaming from her Wound; well *ſaid ſhe*, let me but eſcape this Accident, and if ever I quit my old Hold and my own Mice for all the Rarities i'the Kings Kitchin, may I loſe all my Nine Lives at once.

I cite you this Example to ſhew you, that 'tis better for a Man to be contented with what he has, than to Travel in ſearch of what our Ambition prompts us to. What you ſay, *ſaid the Falcon*, is very true and very wholeſome Advice; but 'tis for mean and low Spirits to confine themſelves always to a little Hole. He that aſpires to be a King, muſt begin with the Conqueſt of a Kingdom, and he that will meet a Crown, muſt go in Search of it. An Effeminate and Lazy Life agrees not with a Great Soul.

Thy Enterprize, *reply'd the Raven*, cannot ſo ſoon be put in Execution: before you can Conquer a Kingdom, you muſt make great Preparations. My Talons, *reply'd the Falcon*, are

are Inſtruments ſufficient to bring about my Deſign. Did you never hear the Story of the Warrier, who by his ſingle Valour became a King? Upon that the Raven requeſted his reputed Son to let him hear it, and the Raven thus proceeded.

The Fable of the Poor Man that became a King.

IT being the Pleaſure of Heaven to reſcue from Miſery a Man who liv'd in extream Poverty, God gave him a Son, who from his Infancy gave ſignal Signs, that he would one day come to be a Great Man. This Infant became a Bleſſing to the old Man's Houſe, whoſe Wealth increas'd from Day to Day, from the time that the Child was Born. So ſoon as he could ſpeak, he talk'd of nothing but Swords, Bows and Arrows. His Father ſent him to School, and did all he could to infuſe into him a good Reliſh of Learning; but he neglected his Book, and minded nothing but running at the Ring, and other Warlick Exerciſes with other little Children.

When he came to Years of Diſcretion, Son, ſaid his Father to him, thou art now paſt the Age of Innocency, and in danger to fall into Diſorder and Irregularity, if thou giv'ſt thy ſelf over to thy Paſſions. But I intend to prevent that Accident by Marrying thee betimes. Dear Father, reply'd the young Stripling, for Heaven's ſake refuſe me not the Miſtreſs which my Youthful Years already have made choice

of. Where is that Miſtreſs, preſently reply'd the old Man, and what is her Condition? This is ſhe, the Lad made anſwer, ſhewing his Father a very noble Sword; by Vertue of this it is, that I expect to be Maſter of a Throne. And having ſo ſaid, the next Day he quitted his Father's Houſe, and Travell'd in ſearch of Opportunities to ſignalize his Courage, and at length perform'd ſo many glorious Atchievments, that he became a Puiſſant Monarch.

I have recited this Example, ſaid the Falcon to the Raven, to the end you may underſtand that I find my ſelf born to undertake Great Enterprizes: And I have a ſtrange foreboding Spirit within me, that I ſhall prove no leſs fortunate then this Famous Warriour: And for this reaſon I will never quit my Deſign. When the Raven perceiv'd him ſo fix'd in his Reſolution, he conſented to his putting it in Execution: Perſuaded that ſo noble a Courage would never be guilty of baſe Actions.

The Falcon having taken his Leave of the Raven, and bid Farewel to all his pretended Brethen, left the Neſt and flew away. At length he ſtopt upon a Mountain, and looking round about him, he ſpy'd a Partridge in the Fallow Grounds that made all the Neighbouring Hills reſound with her Churring and Jouking Note. Preſently the Falcon launc'd himſelf upon her, and having got her in his Pounce, began to tear her. This is no Bad beginning, ſaid He to himſelf, and tho' it were for nothing elſe but to taſt ſuch delicate Food, 'tis better worth my Travelling then to lye Sleeping in a naſty Neſt, and feed upon Carrion as my Brothers do. Thus he ſpent three Days in

Careſſing

Careſſing himſelf with delicate Morſels; but the fourth Day, being upon the Top of another Mountain, he ſaw a Company of Men that were a Hunting, which happen'd to be the King of the Country with all his Court; and while he was gazing upon 'em, he ſaw a Falcon in purſuit of a Heron. Upon that, prick'd forward by a Noble Emulation, he flies with all his Force, gets before the Falcon, and overtakes the Heron. The King admiring this Agility, commands his Falconers to make uſe of all their cunning to catch this Falcon, which by good luck they did. And in a little time he ſo entirely won the Affection of the King, that he did him the Honour to carry him uſually upon his Fiſt.

Had he always ſtay'd in his Neſt, this Good Fortune had never befall'n Him. You ſee by this Fable, that it is no ſuch unprofitable thing to Travel. It rouſes the Genius of Stupid People, and renders 'em capable of Noble Atchievments. *Dabſchelim* having ended his Diſcourſe, the Viſir, after he had made his ſubmiſſions, and pay'd his Duty according to Cuſtom, came forward, and then addreſſing himſelf to the King, Sir, ſaid He, what your Majeſty has ſaid is very true, but methinks it is not ſo convenient that a Great King ſhould quit his repoſe for the Hardſhip of Travelling. Men of Courage, anſwer'd the King, delight in Labour and Fatigue. If Kings, who have Power, ſtrip not the Thorns from the Roſe-Buſhes, the Poor can never gather the Roſes; and till Princes have endur'd the Inconveniences of Campagnes, the People can never ſleep in Peace. No Body can be ſafe in theſe Domini-

ons, while thou ſeekeſt nothing but thy Eaſe. He that Travels meets with Reſt, like the Leopard, who by his pains and his Diligence acquir'd what he wiſht for. Upon that, the Viſir beſought the King to relate the Fable to his Slave.

The Fable of the Leopard and the Lyon.

IN the Neighbourhood to *Baſſora*, there was a very lovely Iſland: In this Iſland grew a moſt delightful Wood, where pleaſing Breezes whiſper'd their Love-Stories to the Ruſſling Leaves; and it was Water'd with ſeveral Fountains, whence as many recreating Streams ran gently winding to every part. There, lodg'd a Leopard ſo Furious, that the moſt daring Lyons durſt not approach within a League of his Habitation. He liv'd for ſeveral Years in Peace within his Iſland with a little Leopard that was his Minion. To whom, Son, ſaid He, ſo ſoon as thou ſhalt be ſtrong enough to oppoſe my Enemies, I will reſign to thee the Care of Governing this Iſland, and retire into one Corner of it, where I will ſpend the remainder of my Days, without Trouble or Moleſtation. But Death croſt the Old Leopard's Deſign: He dy'd when he leaſt dreamt of it, and the Young Leopard ſucceeded him. But the Ancient Enemies of the Old Leopard no ſooner heard of his Death, and the Weakneſs of his Succeſſor, but they enter'd into a League, and altogether invaded the Iſland. The Young Leopard finding himſelf unable to withſtand ſuch a number of

of Enemies, made his Eſcape into the Deſerts, and there ſecur'd himſelf. In the mean time his Enemies having made themſelves Maſters of the Iſland, every one would command in Chief. Thus they fell out, and being Divided, the Buſineſs came to the Deciſion of a Bloody Battle, wherein the Lyon being Victor, drave all the reſt of his Competitors out of his Territories, and became the Sole and Peaceable Maſter of the Iſland.

Some Years after, the Leopard meeting the Lyons in a Foreſt, recounted to 'em his Misfortunes, and beſought 'em to aſſiſt him in the Recovery of his Iſland. But the Lyons who knew the ſtrength of the Uſurper, refus'd their Aſſiſtance to the Leopard, and diſdainfully, **Poor ſilly Creature, ſaid they, doſt thou not underſtand that thy Iſland is under the Power of a Lyon ſo Redoubted, that the very Birds are afraid to fly over his Head? We advise thee rather,** added they, to go and wait upon him, ſubmiſſively to offer thy Services to him, and take thy time to revenge the Injuries he has done thee. The Leopard follow'd this Counſel, went to the Lyon's Court, and there intruding himſelf into the Acquaintance of one of the Lyon's Domeſtics, and by a thouſand Careſſes ingag'd him to give him an Opportunity to diſcourſe his Maſter. The Lyon found him to be a perſon of ſo much Merit, that he confer'd a very Noble Employment upon him in his Court, and in a little time the Leopard ſo inſinuated himſelf into the Lyon's favour, that the Grandees of the Court began to grow Jealous of him. It happen'd one time, that ſome extraordinary Exigence of State call'd away the

Lyon to ſome Place far diſtant from the Iſland; but the Lyon, being lazy, had no mind to ſtir out of his Wood at a time that the heat was ſo exceſſive: Which the Leopard perceiving, He offer'd to undertake the Voyage himſelf, and after he obtain'd leave, he departed with ſome others that follow'd him for Love, arriv'd at the place, diſpatch'd his Buſineſs and return'd back to Court with ſuch an unexpected Speed, that the King admiring his Diligence, Well, ſaid He, to thoſe about him, this Leopard is one for my Turn; he contemns Labour, deſpiſes Hardſhip, ſo it be to procure the Welfare and Peace of my Dominions, and therefore I cannot do better then to give him the Command of my Army. And at the ſame time he ſent for the Leopard, highly applauded his Zeal, gave him the Goverment of all his Foreſts, and made him his Heir. Had not the Leopard undertaken this Journey, he had never regain'd his Iſland.

By this Diſcourſe the Viſir, judg'd it would be impoſſible to diſſuade the King from the Reſolution he had taken to Travel, and therefore they ſaid no more to hinder him. During his Abſence he intruſted ſuch Viſirs in whom he had the Greateſt Confidence with the Care of his Dominions, and charg'd 'em above all things to be Kind and Loving to the People. And thus *Dabſchelim* being at Eaſe within himſelf, and in full Peace of Mind, ſet forward with ſome of his Courtiers for *Serandib*, where he arriv'd after a long and painful Journey. He ſpent three Days in walking about, that he might take a full View of that City; and then leaving his moſt Cumberſome Baggage behind him,

him, as alſo ſome part of his Train, he croſs'd the Mountain, which he found wonderful High and Steep, but environ'd with a great Number of pleaſant Gardens and lovely Meadows. Upon which looking about him on every ſide, he perceiv'd a very Obſcure Den or Cavern, which the Inhabitants of the Mountain told him was the Retirement of a certain Hermite, call'd *Bidpay*, that is to ſay, the Friendly Phiſitian; that ſome of the Indian Grandees call'd him *Pilpay*; that he was a Perſon of Profound Knowledge; that he was retir'd from the World in contempt of the Hurrey and Vanity of it, and pleas'd himſelf in leading a Solitary Life. This did but increaſe *Dabſchelim*'s Curioſity, who therefore went himſelf to the Mouth of the Cave. *Pilpay* therefore, ſuſpecting his Deſign, invited him in; and the King being enter'd, the Old Bramin *Pilpay* beſought to reſt himſelf, and ask'd him the reaſon of his taking ſo long a Journey. The King, who had ſomething of a Prophetic Apprehenſion, that he ſhould meet with what he ſought for in his Converſe with the Old Man, recounted to him his Dream, the Diſcovery of the Treaſure, and what was contain'd in the Piece of White Sattin. But then the Bramin ſmiling, told the King, that he lookt upon thoſe to be a happy People who liv'd under his Reign, and that he could not ſufficienly applaud his having contemn'd the Fatigues of a Tedious Journey, to acquire Knowledge, and for the Felicity of his Subjects. Then opening his Lips like a ſmall Cabinet of Precious Knowledge, he charm'd *Dabſchelim* with his Admirable Diſcourſes. They talk'd together concerning *Houſchenks* Letter: And

Dabſchelim Read the Admonitions which it contain'd, one after the other. *Pilpay* unfolded 'em to the King, and the King engrav'd 'em in his Memory.

CHAP. I.

That we ought to avoy'd the Inſinuations of Flatterers, and Backbiters.

SAid *Dabſchelim* to *Pilpay*, The firſt Admonition is, that Kings ought never to liſten to falſe Reports and Flatterers, which occaſion nothing but Misfortunes, and always bring an ill End to all ſuch as Hearken to 'em. Whoever cry'd the Bramin, obſerves not this Command, muſt needs be Ignorant of the Fable of the Lyon and the Ox. Upon which, the King Deſirous to hear it, *Pilpay* continu'd in the following Manner.

The Fable of a Merchant and his Leud Children.

A Merchant, who was a Man Experienc'd to perfection in the affairs of the World, falling Sick, and perceiving that his Age and his Diſtemper would not long permit him to Live, call'd his Sons together, who were very debauch'd, and waſted his Eſtate in Riot and Diſorder. Sons, ſaid He, I know you may be in ſome meaſure Excus'd for thus conſuming my

my Eſtate, not knowing what it coſt to get it. But know, that Riches ſhould be only properly Inſtrumental to acquire the Bleſſings of Heav'n and Earth. There are three things that all Men labour for in this World with more then Ordinary vehemence. The firſt is, that they may enjoy all the Conveniences of Life: And theſe are People who are only addicted to Intemperance, and abandon themſelves to ſenſual Pleaſures. The ſecond is, to obtain High Dignities and Preferments: Theſe are the Ambitious, who only love to command and be Admir'd. The third is, to acquire Heavenly Bleſſings; and to take delight in doing good to our Equals: Theſe deſerve high Applauſes: But there's no way to attain this laſt End, but by the means of Wealth well got. Now ſeeing that nothing that we ſeek for in this World is to be had without Mony, that which can procure us what we ſearch for muſt be firſt of all acquir'd; but they who meet an Eſtate already got to their Hands, know not the Trouble of getting it: And that's the reaſon they conſume it ſo Prodigally in a little time. Therefore, Dear Children, give over this Irregular Life, take a care of your ſelves, and rather endeavour to increaſe your Eſtates, then to waſt 'em idly. To which, Father, ſaid the Eldeſt Son, you command us to acquire, but Acquiſition depend's only upon Fortune. I know well we ſhall never want what is deſtin'd us, tho' we we ſhould never ſtir a Foot to obtain it: On the other ſide, we ſhall never be Maſters of what is not ordain'd us, tho' we ſhould torment our ſelves almoſt to Death. I Remember an old Proverb: Whenever I fled what Deſtiny had

Allotted, I always met with it; but when ever I ſought for that which never was appointed for me, I never could find it. This is clearly to be ſeen by the Fable of the Kings two Sons; of which, one diſcover'd his Fathers Treaſure, and gain'd the Kingdom with little Trouble, while the other loſt it, tho' he did all he could to preſerve it. The Father would needs hear the Fable, which his Son rehears'd as follows.

The Fable of a King and his two Sons.

IN the Country of *Alès*, there liv'd a King who had two Sons, both covetous, yet given to Debauchery. The King finding himſelf Extreamly Old, and conſidering the Humour of his two Sons, was afraid leſt after his Death, they ſhould diſſipate in Idle Expences the vaſt Treaſure which he had heap'd together, and reſolv'd to hide it. With this deſign he went to a Religious Hermit who had retir'd from the World, and in whom he had a very great Confidence. By the Counſel of this Hermite the Treaſure was Buried in the Hermitage ſo Privately that no Body knew any thing of. This done, the King made his Will, which he put into the Hermits hands, with theſe farther Orders at the ſame Time: I charge you, ſaid He, to reveal this Treaſure to my Children, if after my Death you ſee 'em in the Diſtreſſes of Poverty. It may be, added the King, that when they have ſuffer'd a little Hardſhip, they will become more prudent in their Expences then hitherto they have been.

The

The Hermit having promis'd all Fidelity in the Obſervance of the King's Commands, the King return'd to his Palace, and in a ſhort time after dy'd; nor did the Hermit long ſurvive him: So that the Treaſure lay conceal'd in the Hermitage. The King being thus Dead, the two Sons could not agree about the Succeſſion, whioh occaſion'd a Bloody War between 'em: And the Eldeſt who was the Strongeſt utterly Deſpoil'd his Younger Brother of all that he could preten'd to. The Young Prince thus depriv'd of his Inheritance, fell into ſuch a deep Melancholy that he reſolv'd to quit the World. To that purpoſe he left the City; and calling to mind the Kindneſs between his Father and the Hermit, there is no other way, ſaid he to himſelf, but to find out this Honeſt Man, that I may learn of him to live as he does, and end my life in his Company. Coming to the Hermitage, he found that the Hermit was Dead; and thereupon he made choice of his Retirement for his poor Habitation.

Now there was in this Hermitage a certain Well, which had no Water: So that he let himſelf down to the Bottom, to try whether he could find what it was that ſtopt the Water. But inſtead of meeting what he lookt for, he found his Father's Treaſure; for which he was very thankful to Heaven, and took up a Reſolution, to lay out his Mony with more Moderation then he had done before.

On the other ſide his Brother ſate ſecurely Revelling upon this Throne without any care of his People or his Army; imagining with himſelf, that his Father's Treaſure was hid in the Palace, as he had told him upon his Death Bed.

One

One Day, being at War with a Neighbouring Prince, he was oblig'd to have recourſe to his pretended Treaſure. But he was amaz'd after he had ſought a long time and found nothing; which becauſe it quite diſabl'd him from raiſing a powerful Army, put him into a very great fit of Melancholy. However making a Vertue of Neceſſity, he rais'd what Force he could, and March'd out of the City to meet and encounter his Enemy. The Battle was obſtinate, and the King and his Enemy were both Slain; ſo that the two Armies enrag d at the loſs of their Leaders, fell to Butcher each other with equal Fury; till at length the Generals being agreed together, that it would be their better way to chuſe a Mild and Gentle Prince for the Government of the State, they went and found out the Young Prince, who was retir'd to the Hermitage, conducted him in great Pomp to the Royal Palace, and ſet him upon the Throne.

This Fable ſhews, that it is better to rely upon Deſtiny and Providence, then for Men to Torment themſelves about the Acquiſition of a thing that was never ordain d 'em. So ſoon as the Young Man had ended his Fable, All this is very true, ſaid the Father, but all Effects have their Cauſes, and he who relies upon Providence without conſidering 'em, had need to be inſtructed by the enſuing Fable.

The Fable of the Derwich, the Falcon, and the Raven.

A Derwich, paſſing through a Wood, and conſidering the Wonders of God and Nature, ſpy'd a Falcon that held a Peice of Fleſh in his Beak, and which hovering about a Neſt, tore the Fleſh into Bits, and gave it a young Raven that lay bald and Featherleſs in the Neſt. The Derwich admiring the Bounty of Gods Providence, in a Rapture of Admiration, Behold this poor Bird, ſaid He, that is not able to ſeek out Suſtenance for himſelf, is not however forſaken of God, who ſpreads the whole World like a Table, where all Creatures, Friends and Foes have ſtill their Food and Subſiſtence ready provided for 'em. He extends his Liberality ſo far, that the Griffin alſo finds wherewith to Liye upon the Mountain of *Caf*. Why then am I ſo greedy, and wherefore do I run to the ends of the Earth, and Plough up the Ocean for Bread? Is it not better that I ſhould hence forward confine my ſelf in repoſe to a little Corner, and abandon my ſelf to Fortune. Upon this he retir'd to his Cell, where without putting himſelf to any farther Trouble for any thing in this World, he remain'd three Days and three Nights without Victuals. At laſt, Servant of Mine, ſaid God to him, Know thou, that all things in this World have their Cauſes: And tho' my Providence can never be limited, my Wiſdom however requires, that Men ſhall make uſe of the Means that I have ordain'd 'em. If thou

wouldſt

wouldſt imitate any one of the Birds, imitate the Falcon that feeds the Raven, and not the Raven that lies a ſluggard in his Neſt, and expects his Food from another.

This Example ſhews us, that we are not to lead Idle and Lazy Lives under the Pretence of Providence. Then the ſecond Son taking upon him to ſpeak, Sir, ſaid He to his Father, you adviſe us to Labour, and get Eſtates and Riches, but when we have heap'd up a great deal of Wealth, what ſhall we do with it? 'Tis eaſie to acquire Wealth, reply'd the Father, but a difficult thing to expend it well, and to preſerve it. Riches many times prove very fatal, as may be ſeen by the following Fable.

The Fable of a Country-Man, and ſeveral Rats.

A Certain Husband-man had a Barn full of Corn cloſe lockt up, not far from which liv'd a Rat, that made Holes on every ſide of it, on purpoſe to get a Lively-hood; and he Labour'd ſo long that he got free Ingreſs into the Barn. When he ſaw himſelf Maſter of this vaſt Treaſure away he ran, full of Joy, and gave Notice of it to ſeveral other Rats his Neighbours; who preſently flockt about him, and made him a thouſand Offers of their Service, Scraping and Cringing to him, and ſoothing him in all the Excurſions of his Fantaſtic Humour. The Fool taking all this for ready Mony, grew very proud and Stately, as believing himſelf to be ſome Extraordinary Perſon; and never conſidering that this Magazine

was

was not to laſt always, he began to play the Prodigal at the Husband-Mans coſt, treating his Companions and Flatterers every Day at Rack and Manger. But there happen'd at the ſame time ſo terrible a Famine, that the Poor cry'd out for Bread while the Rat lay wallowing in Plenty. The Husband-man now believing it his time to make the Beſt of his Corn, open'd his Barn Door; but finding a more then ordinary Conſumption of his Store, he fell into a Paſſion, and preſently remov'd what he had to another Place. The Rat, who lookt upon himſelf to be ſole Maſter of Miſrule in the Barn, was then aſleep but his Paraſites, were awake, and ſeeing the Husband-man go and come, misdoubted there was ſomthing in the Matter; thereupon they betook themſelves every one to flight, leaving the poor cully'd Rat aſleep. This is the Practice of your Smell-feaſt Friends, while you keep a plentiful Table they are your moſt Humble and Obedient Servants, but when the Accommodation fails, like Tartars, they ſeek for other Paſtures.

The next Day the Rat waking, was amaz'd to find none of his Pick-thanks at his Elbow, which made him leave his Hole in great haſt, to know the Cauſe, which he ſoon found out; for going to the Barn and finding all was gone, and not ſo much left as would ſuffice him for that Day, he fell into ſuch a deep Deſpair, that he beat out his Brains againſt the next Wall, and ſo ended his Days. This Example ſhews us that we ought to Live according to our Income.

The ſecond Brother having thus concluded, the youngeſt taking his Turn. Father, ſaid He,

when

when we have acquir'd this Wealth you ſpeak of, what is then to be done? This Wealth, reply'd the Father, is to be made uſe of, upon all Occaſions; but more eſpecially for the Conveniencies of Life, according to the Directions of Temperance and Juſtice. In the firſt Place, your Expences ought not to be ſuch, as afterwards to be repented of, or to be condemn'd as the Waſt of Prodigality. In the ſecond Place, no Man ought by his Avarice to render himſelf hateful to the World.

The Father having thus Exhorted his Children to follow his Counſel, they betook themſelves all three to particular Callings, the Eldeſt turn'd Merchant, and Travell'd into Foreign Countries: Among other Goods he had two Oxen; both the Calves of the ſame Cow, and both very fair and beautiful, the one was call'd *Cohotorb*, and the other *Mandeb*. The Merchant took great care to feed up theſe Oxen; but becauſe his Journey was long, they grew to be Weak and Lean. In the Road they met with a Quagmire, into which *Cohotorb* fell, and ſtuck ſo faſt, that the Merchant had much ado to get him out again. However *Cohotorb* was ſo Weak that being hardly able to ſtand, the Merchant was forc'd to leave him behind under the care of a certain Perſon till he could recover ſtrength to continue his Journey: But the Man, after he had kept him all alone for three Days in the Deſert, grew weary of his Charge, left *Cohotorb* to feed by himſelf, and ſent the Merchant word that his Ox was Dead. In a little time after *Mandeb* dy'd of hard labour, and *Cohotorb* behaving recover'd his Fleſh, began to ramble from one Place to another: And coming

ing into a Meadow that pleas'd him very well, he ſtay'd thre for ſome time, living in Eaſe and Plenty; ſo that he became fair as and plump as ever he was before.

Not far from this Meadow liv'd a Lyon who made all the Inhabitants of the Woods round about him tremble; and he commanded over ſeveral other Lyons, who believ'd him to be the moſt Potent Sovereign in the World. And indeed he was very formidable: But when he heard the Bellowing of the Ox which he had never heard before, a moſt Dreadful Terrour ſeiz'd him. Nevertheleſs, becauſe he was aſham'd to diſcover his Fears to his Courtiers, he pretended an unwillingneſs to ſtir out of his Palace. Among the reſt of his Domeſtic Servants he had two Foxes that were as Cunning as two Broakers, one of which was call'd *Kalila*, and the other *Damna*; and the latter, which was the Male, was more Proud and more Ambitious then the Former. One Day, ſaid He to his Wife, What doſt thou think of the King, that he dares not walk abroad as he was want to do? To whom *Kalila* anſwer'd, why do you ask me ſuch a Queſtion? 'tis ſufficient for you to live peaceably under his Protection without Examining what he does: 'Tis not for us to prate about State-Affaires: And they that meddle with things that no way concern 'em are in Jeopardy of the ſame Misfortune that befel the Ape.

The Fable of the Carpenter and the Ape.

AN Ape ſate ſtaring upon a Carpenter who was cleaving a Piece of Wood with two Wedges, which he put into the Cleft one after another, as the ſplit open'd. The Carpenter leaving his work half done, the Ape would needs turn Logcleaver, and coming to the Peace of Wood, pull'd out the Wedge, without putting in the other; ſo that the Wood cloſing again, held the Poor Monkey by the two Fore Feet, ſo faſt, that not being able to get away before the Carpenter return'd, the Moody Carpenter knockt him o'the Head for meddling with his Work.

This Fable inſtructs us, that we ought not to meddle with other People's Buſineſs. However, reply'd *Damna*, 'tis not for thoſe that ſerve Kings, to be Idle: They muſt be always endeavouring to advance themſelves. Know you not the Fable of the two Companions, one of which by his Induſtry, obtain'd a Crown: The other, being ſloathful and faint-hearted, fell into Extream Miſery.

The Fable of the two Travellers, and the Lyon carv'd in White Stone.

THere were two Friends in Former Times who made a Reſolution never to leave each other. They always Travell'd together, and one Day, among the reſt, they came to a lovely Fountain at the Foot of a Hill; and the Place was ſo delightful, that they reſolv'd to reſt themſelves by the Purling Stream. After they were well refreſh'd, they began to look about em, and pleaſe their Eyes with what they could diſcover moſt Rare and Curious in ſo pleaſant a Place. At length they caſt their Eyes upon a White Stone, that contain'd the following Words Written in Blew Letters.

Travellers, We have prepar'd you an Excellent Banquet for your Welcome. But you muſt throw your ſelves boldly into this Fountain, and Swim to the other ſide, where you ſhall meet with a Lyon carv'd in White Stone, which you muſt take upon your Shoulders, and without ſtopping run with it to the Top of younder Mountain, never fearing the Wild Beaſts that will ſurround you, nor the Thorns that will prick your Feet; for as ſoon as you are got off the Hill, you will be in poſſeſſion of great Feli city: If you ceaſe going forward, you ſhall never come to your Journeys End, nor ſhall the Slothful ever attain to what they deſire.

Then *Ganem*, for that was the Name of one of the two Companions, Brother ſaid He, to

Salem,

Salem, for ſo was the other call'd, here is a Means preſcribed us that will put an end to all our Pains and Travel, let us take Courage, and try whether what this Taliſman contains be True or Falſe. Dear Friend, reply'd *Salem*, 'tis not for a Man of Senſe to give Credit to an Idle Writing, and under Pretence of great tho' uncert Gain to throw himſelf into Evident danger. Friend, reply'd *Ganem*, They who have never ſo little Courage, contemn danger, to make themſelves happy; there is no gathering the Roſe, without being prickt by the Thorns. However, anſwer'd *Salem*, we are not to attempt ſuch Enterprizes, the End of which we know not as well as the Beginning: And thus we are not to throw our ſelves into this Fountain, that ſeems to be a Kind of an Abyſs, from whence it may not be ſo eaſie to get out again. A Rational Man never moves one of his Feet till the other be fix'd. Perhaps this Writing may be a meer Whimſey; and tho' it ſhould be real, perhaps when you have croſs'd this little Lake, the Lion of Stone may prove ſo heavy, that you maynot be able to run with it without Stopping to the Top of the Mountain. But ſuppoſing all this were eaſie for you to perform, when you have done what ever is by you to be done, you know not what will be the Iſſue of your care and trouble. For my part I will be no ſharer with you in dangers of this Enterprize, and will endeavour alſo to diſſuade you from it. No Perſuaſions, reply'd *Ganem*, ſhall make me alter my Reſolution: And therefore if you will not follow me, Dear Friend, at leaſt be pleas'd to ſee me venture. *Salem*, ſeeing him ſo Reſolute, cry'd out, Dear Friend,

you

you have refus'd my Admonitions, and I have not the power to ſtay and be a Witneſs of your Ruin; and ſo taking his leave he ſet forward upon his Journey.

On the other ſide *Ganem* went to the Brink of the Fountain, reſolving to periſh'd or to win the Prize. He found it deep, but ſtrengthen'd by his Courage, he Swam to the other ſide. When he had recover'd the dry Land, he reſted himſelf a while; and then lifting up the Lion with with all his Might, without ſtopping he ran with it to the Top of the Mountain. From thence he had the Proſpect of a very fair City; but as he was viewing it, there iſſu'd from the Lion of Stone ſuch a Terrible Thundering Noiſe, that the Mountain and all the Places round about it Trembl'd, as if ſhaken by ſome ſuddain Earth-quake. This Noiſe no ſooner reach'd the Ears of the Inhabitants of the City, but they came all to *Ganem*, who was not a little aſtoniſh'd to ſee em. Preſently ſome that ſeem'd to be Superiour to the reſt in Quality and degree accoaſted him with great Reſpect and Ceremony; and after they had harangu'd him with many large Encomiums, they ſet him upon a lovely Horſe moſt ſumptuouſly Capariſon'd. After this, they Conducted him to the City, where they waſh'd him with Roſe-water, made him put on the Royal Robes and proclaim'd him King of all the Country. He deſir'd to underſtand the reaſon of his Advancement: To which they anſwer'd, that the Learned Men of the Kingdom had by vertue of a Taliſman ſo charm'd the Fountain which he had croſs't, and the Lion which he carry'd to the Top of the Mountain, that when their King Died, and

that

that any one were ſo adventurous as to Expoſe himſelf to the Hazards which he had done, the Lion roard out ſo Prodigiouſly, that the Inhabitants hearing the Noiſe went forth in ſearch of the Perſon to make him their King. This Cuſtom, purſu'd they, has been of long Continuance, and ſince the Lot is fall'n upon your Majeſty, your Sovereignty is abſolute among us. Nor was *Ganem* a little glad to ſee his Courage ſo well recompenc'd.

I have rehears'd this Fable to you, to let you underſtand, that there is no taſting Pleaſure without Trouble. For which reaſon it is that I am reſolv'd never to give over till I am one of the Greateſt Lords in the Court. *Kalila* ask'd him what Means he intended to make uſe of to attain his Ends. The Lion, anſwer'd *Damna*, ſeems to be ſeiz'd with Aſtoniſhment, and I intend to cure him of his Diſquiet. How canſt thou preſume, cry'd *Kalila*, to give Counſel to a King, thou that never wert accoſtum'd to the Cabals of Princes? Perſons of Wit, reply'd *Damna*, never want Induſtry to accompliſh their Deſigns. One Day, a Handicraft Trades-Man, who by his Vertue had Gai n d a Kingdom, receiv d a Letter from a Neighbouring Prince, wherein he Expoſtulated with the New King after this manner, *Thou that didſt never handle before any other then a Chizzle or a Saw, how darſt thou preſume to Govern a Kingdom*? To which the Carpenter return'd for Anſwer, he that gave me Wit enough to Guide a Saw, will alſo give me no leſs Judgment to Govern an Army. Kings, reply'd *Kalila*, do not always cheriſh with their favours thoſe who have Wit and Merit, but only their Oldeſt Servants

vants, and such as have done the State Important Service; and seeing therefore you are but a new Commer, and indeed none of the most useful of the Kings Servants, what can you pretend to? I hope, reply'd *Damna*, in a short time to have a much more considerable Employment then I have at Present: For I am not ignorant that they who aspire to be admitted into the Cabinets of Princes, ought to have five particular Qualifications: Never to be in Passion; to avoid Pride; not to be Covetous; to be sincere; and never to be astonish'd at the Changes of Fortune. Very good, reply'd *Kalila*, suppose you might be the Kings Favorite, what Vertues would you practise to gain his Esteem? I would serve him, reply'd *Damna*, with a perfect Fidelity, I would punctually obey him; and whatever the King does, I will always believe his Intentions Good. I will persuade him to do Good, by laying before him the Benefit he will receive thereby, and I will dissuade him from doing what ever may be prejudicial to himself or his Kingdom. I find thee, said *Kalila*, resolv'd to go on with this design; but have a care what thou doſt; for 'tis a dangerous thing to serve a Prince. Wise Men say, that three sorts of Persons are depriv'd of Judgment: They who are ambitious of Preferments in the Courts of Princes; They who make use of Poison, to shew the Excellency of a Remedy; and they who entrust Women with their Secrets. A King is compar'd to a High Mountain, upon which there are Mines of Pretious Stones, and numerous Herds of wild Devouring Beasts: 'Tis a difficult thing to accost 'em, but more dangerous to Inhabit em.

em. Kings are morever compar'd to a wide 'Ocean, wherein Sea-faring People either make their Fortunes or periſh. I am not Ignorant, reply'd *Damna* in his turn, that Kings reſemble Fire, which will burn thoſe that approach too near it; but he who is afraid to adventure, will never come to any thing.

After this Diſcourſe, *Damna* went to wait upon the Lion, and made him a profound Reverence. Preſently the Lion ask'd who he was. To which ſome of his Courtiers reply'd, he was ſuch a one, and that his Father had a long time ſerv'd his Majeſty. Oh ſaid the King, I now remember him——— then turning to *Damna*, Well Friend, where do you Live? ——I ſupply my Fathers Place in your Majeſties Houſhold, reply'd *Damna*, but till now I never durſt preſume to appear in your Majeſties preſence with the Offer of my ſervice. I hope your Majeſty will not diſdain the Oblation of my faithful Intentions tho' I am the meaneſt and unworthieſt of your Servants. Dry Wood is ſometimes as much eſteem'd in this World as the Roſebuſh or the Fruit-tree. The Lion was charm'd with *Damna*'s Eloquence, and looking upon his Courtiers, Wit, ſaid He, reſembles Fire, that will ſhew it ſelf, tho' Cover'd with Aſhes. *Damna* was ſo overjoy'd that his Compliment had pleas'd the King, that he took his Opportunity to beg a Private Audience of the King, and when they were together, Sir, ſaid *Damna*, I beſeech your Majeſty to let me Know the Cauſe of your Retirement, for within theſe few Days I have obſerv'd your Majeſty has not been ſo chearful as you were wont to be. Fain would the Lion have conceal'd his

fear

fear at firſt; but hearing *Chotorb* Bellow at the ſame time, it ſo diſorder'd his Conntenance, that he found himſelf conſtrain'd to tell *Damna*, that the terrible Noiſe of the Beaſt, whoever he were, was the cauſe of the Diſturbance. I imagin, ſaid the King, that the Body of the Beaſt which I hear Bellow ſo Dreadfully, muſt be proportionable to the ſound of his Voice; and that being ſo, 'tis a madneſs for us to tarry any longer in theſe Woods. Is this all that troubles your Majeſty, ſaid *Damna*? Nothing elſe, anſwer'd the Lion. Sir, reply'd *Damna*, you ought not to quit your Princely Habitation for this: 'Tis not for a King to be afraid of a meer Sound, but rather to fortifie his Courage with ſo much the greater Reſolution. Thoſe Creatures that make the loudeſt Noiſes are not always the Biggeſt nor the Strongeſt. A Crane as big as he is, has neither ſtrength nor Courage to encounter the weakeſt Falcon: And he that ſuffers himſelf to bedeluded by Bulk of Body may be deceiv'd as the Fox was.

The Fable of the Fox and the Hen.

SIR, Purſu'd *Damna*, there was a certain Fox in a Wood who was eagerly ſearching about for ſomthing to appeaſe his Hunger, and at length he ſpy'd a Hen, that was buſily ſcratching the Earth and picking up the Worms at the Foot of a Tree. Upon the ſame Tree alſo hung a Drum which made a Noiſe every time the Branches, being mov'd by the Violence of the Wind, beat upon it. Now the Fox was juſt going to fling himſelf upon the Hen, at what time he heard the Noiſe of the Drum. Oh ho, quoth he, looking up, are ye there, I'll be with ye by and by, that Body muſt certainly have more fleſh then a ſorry Hen: And ſo ſaying, he clamber'd up the Tree, while the Hen made her Eſcape. When he had ſeiz'd his Prey, he fell to work with his Teeth and his Claws, and an Appetite as Keen as a Razor. But after he had torn off the Head of the Drum, and met with nothing but an empty Concavity; Air inſtead of Fleſh and Griſtles, and a mear Hollowneſs inſtead of good Guts and Garbidge, then fetching a deep ſigh, unfortunate Wretch, cry'd He, what a Delicate Morſel have I loſt, for the ſhew of a larger Belliful!

I have recited this Example, to the end your Majeſty may not be terrify'd with the ſound of the Bellowing Noiſe you hear, becauſe loud and ſtrenuous; and if you pleaſe I'll go and ſee what ſort of Creature it is. To which the Lion conſented; but when *Damna* was gone, he re-

repented his having ſent him away. For, ſaid the King to himſelf, 'tis a great Error in a Prince to diſcover his ſecrets to ten ſorts of Perſons; 1. To thoſe whom he has ill us'd without a Cauſe. 2. To thoſe who have loſt their Eſtates or their Honour at Court. 3. To thoſe who have been Degraded from their Employments without any hopes of ever being reſtor'd to 'em again. 4. To thoſe that love nothing but Sedition and Diſturbance. 5. To thoſe that ſee their Kindred or Acquaintance in Preferments from whence themſelves have been Excluded. 6. To ſuch as having committed any Crime have been more ſeverely Puniſh'd then others who have tranſgreſs'd in the ſamemanner. 7. To ſuch as have done good Service, and have been ill rewarded. 8. To Enemies reconcil'd by Conſtraint. 9. To thoſe who believe the Ruin of the Prince will turn to their Advantage. 10. To thoſe that believe themſelves leſs Oblig'd to their Sovereign then to his Enemy. Therefore I have done imprudently in diſcovering my ſecrets to *Damna*.

While the King was making theſe Reflexions to himſelf, *Damna* return'd, and told him, that the Beaſt which made ſuch a Noiſe was no other then an Ox, that was feeding in a Meadow without any other deſign then to ſpend his Days lazily in Eating and Sleeping, Moreover, added *Damna*, if your Majeſty thinks it convenient, I will ſo order the matter, that he ſhall be glad to come and enroll himſelf in the Number of your Servants. The Lion was extreamly pleas'd with *Damna*'s Propoſals, and made him a ſign to go and fetch the Ox into his Preſence. Thereupon, *Damna* went

immediatly to *Chotorbe*, and ask'd him from whence he came, and what Accident had brought him into thoſe Quarters? In anſwer to which, when *Chotorbe* had ſatisfy'd *Damna*'s Curioſity, then *Damna*, Friend, ſaid He, here lives a Lion not far off, who is the King of all the Beaſts of the Country, and he has given me orders to conduct thee to his Palace. If thou wilt follow me, I promiſe thee the favour of being admitted into his Service and Protection; but if thou refuſeſt to go a long with me, know that thou haſt not many Days to live in this Place. So ſoon as the Ox did but hear the Word Lion pronounc'd, he trembl'd for fear, and made *Damna* this anſwer, If thou wilt aſſure me that he ſhall do me no harm I will follow thee. *Damna* Swore to him, and *Chotorbe* upon the Faith of his Oaths conſented to go and wait upon the Lion: upon which *Damna* ran before to give the King Notice of *Chotorbe*'s coming; who arriving ſoon after, made a profound Reverence to the King, who receiv'd him with great Kindneſs, and ask'd him what Occaſion had brought him into his Dominions? In anſwer to which when the Ox had recounted to him all his Adventures: Remain here, ſaid the Lion, and enjoy thy Peace; for I permit my Subjects to live all within my Dominions, in repoſe and tranquillity. The Ox having return'd his Majeſty Thanks for his kind Reception promis'd to ſerve him with a Real Fidelity. And at length *Chotorbe* inſinuated himſelf in ſuch a Manner into the Lion's Favour, that he gain'd his Majeſties Confidence, and became his moſt Intimate Favourite.

When

When *Damna* ſaw that *Chotorbe* was in greater Eſteem at Court then himſelf, and that he was the only Depoſitary of the King's Secrets, it wrought in him ſo deſperate a Jealouſy, that he could not take his Reſt, but was ready to Hang himſelf. Preſently he went and made his Moans to *Kalila*; Oh my dear Wife, ſaid He, I have taken a World of Care and Pains to gain the King's Favour, and all to no purpoſe: I brought into his Preſence the Object that Occaſion'd all his Diſturbances, and that very Ox is now become the Sole Cauſe of my Diſquiet. To which *Kalila*: You ought not to complain of what you have done, or at leaſt you ought to blame no Body but your ſelf: For there is now befallen thee, what formerly befel a Monk.

The Fable of the Monk that left his Convent.

A Certain King preſented a Certain Monk with a very Rich Habit; of which a Cunning Thief having Notice, made uſe of a very pleaſant ſtratagem to cheat him of it: He went to the Monk in his Convent, and pretended an earneſt deſire to ſerve him as long as he liv'd. The Monk overjoy'd that he had got a Novice that ſeem'd to be ſo piouſly inclin'd, moſt willingly receiv'd him; but the Thief taking the firſt Opportunity he could, ſtole the Habit and carry'd it a way. The Monk miſſing at once both his rich Cloaths and his Novic, miſtruſted the Buſineſs, and ſo leaving the Convent, he reſolv'd to go to the City in ſearch of the Robber. As he Travel'd upon the Road, he met with two Rams that were very furiouſly Encountring one another, and Enter-chang'd ſuch deſperate Horn-jurs, that the Blood ran down on every ſide. A Fox, who was a Witneſs of the Combate, lick'd up the Blood: But as he was licking he receiv'd ſuch a Terrible Jurr o'the Head from one of the Rams, that he dy'd upon the Spot.

The Monk ſtopt a good while to behold this Accident, and ſtay'd ſo long, that when he came to the City, the Gates were ſhut. However a Woman that liv'd in the City, looking out at Window, perceiving him, and believing he wanted a Lodging, call'd to him and offer'd him the Convenience of her Houſe. The

Monk

Monk very readily accepted her Kindneſs, went into the Houſe, and put himſelf into a Corner to ſay is uſual Prayers. This Woman, to tell ye the truth, was a Baud, and kept a Bevy of Pretty Girls, whoſe Favours ſhe Sold to the Sparks of *Venus*. Among theſe Girls there was one among the Reſt, who was ſo violently belov'd by a young Gentleman, and of whom he was ſo jealous that he would admit no Rival; which they, who were Enamour'd of her as well as himſelf, could as little brook, and therefore they perſuaded the young Girl to rid herſelf of his Company. Now in regard ſhe fear'd him more then ſhe lov'd him, ſhe liſten'd to the perſuaſions of her other Lovers, made her jealous Tyrant Drunk, and the ſame Night blew a venomous Powder up into his Noſtrils. But this Powder forcing the young Man to Sneez, the ſtrength of the ſternutation blew it back again into the Courteſans Mouth; ſo that not being able to prevent the going of the Powder down her Throat, ſhe felt the Effects of her own Poiſon and dy'd the ſame Hour. The poor Monk was aſtoniſh'd to ſee all this, and he thought the Night extreamly long.

So ſoon as Day came, he made haſt to leave ſo dangerous a Place, and took a Lodging at a Shooe-makers Houſe, who receiv'd him with open Arms, and who being invited to a Feaſt from which it was impoſſible for him to abſent himſelf, recommended however to his Family, the care and good Uſage of his Gueſt.

At the ſame time the Cordwainers Wife had a Gallant, that was handſome and good Humour'd

mour'd, and they met frequently together by the means of a Surgeons Wife, who was ſo cunning a Sollicitrix of Lechery, that ſhe could have reconcil'd Fire and Water into an Amorous Conjunction, and withal had her Tongue ſo well hung, and was ſo perfect in the Art of Wheedling, that ſhe would have made you believe a Stone was made of Wax. Now whenever the Shooe-makers Wife knew her Husband was ſafe abroad, ſhe made uſe of this Miſtreſs *Go-between*, to give Notice to her Paramour of her Husband s Abſence; and now believing ſhe had an Opportunity, ſent her away forthwith to tell her Gallant the good News. Away comes he immediatly upon the firſt Intimation; but by what Ill luck I know not, as he was knocking at the Door, the Shooemaker arriv'd, and finding the Man, whom he already ſuſpected to be the Grafter of his Forhead, had had ſuch good Intelligence, in he went without ſaying a Word, beat his Wife, ty'd her to a Poſt and went to Bed.

While the Cord-wainer was aſleep, in comes the Surgeon's Wife not knowing any thing of what had happen'd, and having found out the Shooe-makers Wife i'the Dark, Slife, Siſter ſaid She, why do you let the young Man ſtay ſo long at the Door? ——— Go and fetch him in. To whom the Diſappointed Bond woman, with a low voice, I believe ſaid She, ſome malicious Demon ſent my Husband back in ſuch a Rage, that he was not ſatisfy'd with almoſt breaking my Bones, but he has here ty'd me to a Poſt. Now you would do a Charitable Act, if you would but unbind me, and ſtand in my place, while I go and beg pardon

of

of my Dear Friend for having made him ſtay ſo long; which done, I'll come back and be ty'd as I was.

The Surgeons Wife, mov'd with Compaſſion made no Scruple to put herſelf in the Room of her diſtreſſed Neighbour, who went to keep her Word with her Gallant. The Monk who had heard all this Diſcourſe, no longer accus'd the Cordwainer of Cruelty, nor thought him in the wrong for beating his Wife, as he had done before.

In the mean time the Shooe-maker wak'd, and call'd to his Wife; but the Surgeons Mate, fearing to be known by her Voice, made no anſwer; which put the Shooe-maker into ſuch a fury, that he leapt out of the Bed, took a Kniſe in his Hand, and as he thought, cut off his Wifes Noſe, and holding it in his hand, with a flouting Tone, here, ſaid He, here's a Preſent for you to ſend to your Wagtail in a Corner.

The poor Surgeons Wife durſt not ſo much as ſigh for fear; however, quoth ſhe to her ſelf, this is very hard luck, for me to ſuffer what the Shooe-makers Wife deſerves, while ſhe is toying and dallying in the Arms of her Lover.

Upon her return the Shooe-maker's Wife was very much ſurpriz'd to find her faithful Help-meet without a Noſe: She beg'd her a thouſand Pardons, unbound her, and ty'd herſelf in her Place, while the Surgeon's Mate return'd Home, carrying her Noſe in her hand.

Some Hours after, when ſhe thought her Husband might hear her, with her hands lifted up to Heaven, Moſt powerful Deity, cry'd the Shooe-makers Wife, who know'ſt the Secrets of all Hearts, thou know'ſt that my Hus-

band has abus'd mewithout a Cauſe, let him ſee that I am a Woman of Reputation, by removing from my face the deformity with which his Cruelty had defac'd it, and reſtoring me my Noſe as it was before. The Shooe-maker hearing thoſe words, Vile Strumpet, cry'd He, what wicked Prayer art thou making? Knoweſt thou not that the Prayers of Harlots never reach the Throne of Heav'n? Prayers that would be Heard muſt iſſue from a clean Heart, and undefiled Lips. Inhuman Tyrant, cry'd his Wife, riſe, and admire the puiſſance of the Deity, and the Exceſs of his goodneſs, who underſtanding my Innocence of the Crime for which thou accuſeſt me, is pleas'd to demonſtrate my Chaſtity, by reſtoring me my Noſe, to the end I may not be lookt upon as a Woman of Diſhonour in the World. The Shooe-maker, believing ſuch a Miracle Impoſſible, Riſes, lights a Candle, comes to his Wife, and finding upon her Face no Mark at all of the Cruel Fact which he thought he had committed, confeſs'd the injury he had done her to ſuſpect her, he beg'd her pardon, and by a thouſand Careſſes ſtrove to make her forget his Cruelty.

On the other ſide, the Surgeon's Mate, who was gone home to her Lodging, as you may well believe, in great affliction, crept ſoftly into Bed to her Husband, who when he wak'd, ask'd her for his Caſe of Inſtruments, that he might go and dreſs ſuch a Perſon. His Wife was a long time ſeeking what her Husband demanded, and when ſhe ſaw him quite out of Patience, ſhe gave him a ſingle Razer which put the Surgeon into ſuch a pelting Chafe, that he

he flung it at her Head, calling her a thouſand Jades and Baggages. 'Twas hardly Day, which favour'd her deſign. Preſently therefore the Woman flung her ſelf upon the Ground, and fill'd the Air with loud Shrieks of Murder, Murder, which fetch'd all her Neighbours in an Inſtant about her; who ſeeing her all Bloody and without a Noſe, began to cry out ſhame upon the Surgeon, who was in ſuch an Amaze, that he knew not what to ſay, nor which way to look. He knew not whether it were beſt for him to deny or confeſs the Fact: However when Morning was come, they hurry'd the Surgeon away before the Magiſtrate. The Monk alſo went along with the Rabble, and heard the Caſe ſtated.

After the Accuſation, and Witneſſes heard, well ſaid the Judge to the Surgeon, what was the Reaſon, Sir, that you abus'd your Wife in ſuch a horrid manner? To which when the Surgeon ſeiz'd with Aſtoniſhment ſtood Mute, not knowing what to anſwer, the Judge without any farther Examination Condemn'd him to Death.

But then, hold, Sir, cry'd the Monk, ſuſpend your Judgment, and take a care what Sentence you pronoune: 'tis neither the Thief that ſtole my Garments, nor the Rams that kill'd the Fox, nor the Harlot that Poiſon'd her Lover, nor laſtly the Shooe-maker that cut off the Surgeons Wife's Noſe, but we your ſelves who have drawn upon us all theſe Misfortunes. Then the Judge leaving the Surgeon, and addreſſing himſelf to the Monk, demanded the Interpretation of his Riddle.

Then the Monk gave him a full account of all that he had ſeen; and going on, Sir, ſaid He, had I not taken the rich Garment out of Ambition, the Thief had never Rob'd me; had not the Fox thrown himſelf between the Rams out of Greedineſs, he had not been Kill'd; had not the Curtiſan gone about to Poiſon the young Gentleman, ſhe had not been Poiſon'd herſelf; and had not the Surgeon's Wife favour'd the Adultery of the Shooe-makers Wife, ſhe had never loſt her Noſe. So that they who commit Evil, cannot hope for Good.

I have made uſe of this Fable, ſaid *Kalila*, to ſhew you that you have brought theſe troubles upon your own Head. 'Tis true, ſaid *Damna*, that I am the cauſe of 'em, but I deſire of you to preſcribe me the Remedy. I have told you from the Beginning, reply'd *Kalila*, that I would never meddle with your Affairs, and ſo now, neither do I intend to trouble my ſelf with the Cure of your Diſturbances. Mind your own Buſineſs your ſelf, and conſider what courſe you have to take. Well then, reply'd *Damna*, I will uſe all my Endeavours to ruin the Ox; and certainly I have as much wit as the Sparrow that reveng'd himſelf upon the Sparrow-hawk; upon which *Kalila* deſir'd him to recite the Fable, and *Damna* began as follows.

The Fable of the Sparrow and the Sparrow-Hawk.

TWO Sparrows had made their Neſt under the Bough of a Tree, where they had alſo laid up ſome ſmall Proviſion for their young ones; but a Sparrow-Hawk, who had built his Neſt upon the top of a Mountain, at the foot of which this Tree grew, came and eat up the young Sparrows, which was a great Affliction to both their Parents. Nevertheleſs, after this, they bred up their young ones ſo well, and in ſo much ſafety, that they had both of 'em the pleaſure to ſee 'em ready to Fly. The Father and the Mother by their continual Chirping, teſtified their Joy for ſuch a Happineſs; but all of a ſudden they fell into a profound Melancholy, which was caus'd through extremity of Fear, leſt the Sparrow-Hawk ſhould devour their young ones as he had done before. The eldeſt of theſe young Sparrows deſired to know of his Father the reaſon of his Affliction; which his Father having diſcover'd to him, he made anſwer, that 'twas a folly for him to withſtand his Deſtiny, but that it rather became him to ſeek out ſome way to remove ſo dangerous a Neighbour. All the Sparrows approv'd this Advice. The Mother flew to get Food for her young ones; and the Father flew another way in ſearch of ſome Cure for his Sorrows. After he had flown about for ſome time, ſaid he to himſelf, whither ſhall I flye, and to whom ſhall I diſcover my Troubles? At length he reſolv'd to addreſs himſelf to the

firſt Creature he met, and to Conſult him about his Buſineſs. This firſt Creature was a Salamander, whoſe extraordinary Shape at firſt affrighted him: However, the Sparrow would not alter his Reſolution, but accoſted and ſaluted him. The Salamander, who was very civil, gave him an obliging Reception, and looking upon him with a fix'd Eye, Friend, ſaid he, I diſcover much trouble in thy Countenance: If it proceed from wearineſs, ſit down and reſt thy ſelf; if from any other Cauſe, let me know it, that I may provide thee a Remedy, if it lye in my power. With that the Sparrow told him his Misfortunes in ſuch moving Language, as rais'd Compaſſion in the Salamander. Well, ſaid the Salamander, by way of Conſolation, let not theſe Troubles any more perplex thee; I'll deliver thee from this wicked Neighbour this very Night; only ſhew me his Neſt, then go to rooſt with thy young ones; which the Sparrow did accordingly, and then return'd the Salamander Thanks for being ſo much concern'd in his Misfortunes.

No ſooner was the Night come, but the Salamander and ſeveral others of his own Gang, went directly with every one a bit of lighted Sulphur in their Mouths to the Sparrow-Hawk's Neſt, who not dreaming of any ſuch thing was ſurpriz'd by the Salamanders, who threw the Sulphur into his Neſt, and burnt him with all his young ones.

This Fable teaches ye, that whoever has a deſign to ruin his Enemy, may bring it about let him be never ſo weak. But *Chotorbe* is the King's chief Favourite, reply'd *Kalila*, and it will be a difficult thing to ruin him; for where

prudent

prudent Princes have plac'd their Confidence they ſeldom withdraw it becauſe of a bare Report. It may be repreſented to the Lion, reply'd *Damna*, that one of ſix things which cauſe the Ruin of Kingdoms, and which is indeed the Principal, is to neglect and contemn Men of Wit and Courage. What are the other five, reply'd *Kalila*, The ſecond, continu'd *Damna*, is not to puniſh the ſeditious; the third is to be too much given to Women, to Play and Diverſiſments; Fourthly the Accidents attending a Peſtilence, a Famin, or an Earth-quake. The fifth is being too raſh and violent; and the ſixth is, the preferring War before Peace. I find ſaid *Kalila*, that you are reſolv'd to be a Carver of your own Revenge; but conſider that whoever meditates Miſchief, brings it at laſt upon his own Head. On the other ſide, he that ſtudy's his Neighbours welfare, proſpers in what he undertakes, as you may ſee by the enſuing Eable.

The Fable of a King, who of a Tyrant, as he was, became Benigne and Juſt.

THere was a Certain King who did nothing but Tyrannize over his People; he ruin'd the Rich, miſus'd the Poor; ſo that all his Subjects, Day and Night, implor'd of Heav'n to be deliver'd from him. One Day, that he return'd from Hunting, after he had ſummon'd his People together, Good People, ſaid He, 'till this preſent time, the reaſon of my Tyrannizing has been to all of you unknown. But I aſſure you that from hence forward you ſhall live in Peace and at Eaſe, and no body ſhall dare to oppreſs you. The People were extreamly overjoy'd at this good News, and forbore praying againſt the King.

In a Word, this Prince made ſuch an Alteration in his conduct, that he acquir'd the Title of Juſt, and every one began to bleſs the Felicity of his Reign. One Day, one of his Favourites preſuming to ask him the reaſon of ſo ſuddain and ſo remarkable a Change, the King gave him this anſwer. As I Rode a Hunting t'other Day, I ſaw a Dog in purſuit of a Fox, and after he had overtaken him, he Bit off the lower part of his Leg: However the Fox as lame as he was, made a ſhift to eſcape into a Hole. The Dog not able to get him out, left him there: But hardly had he gone a hundred paces, when a Man threw a great Stone at him and crackt his Scull: at the ſame Inſtant the Man met a Horſe that trod upon his Foot, and lam'd him for ever; ſoon after the

the Horſe's Foot ſtuck ſo faſt between two Stones, that he broke his Ankle-bone in ſtriving to get it out. Then, ſaid I to my ſelf, Men are us'd as they uſe others. Whoever does that which he ought not to do, receives what he is not willing to receive.

This Example ſhews you, that they who have a deſign to do miſchief, are generally puniſh'd for their evil Intentions. If you attempt to ruin *Chotorbe*, you will repent of it: He is ſtronger then you, and has more Friends. Wit is beyond Strength, reply'd *Damna*, as the following Fable will convince you.

The Fable of a Raven, a Fox and a Serpent.

A Raven had built his Neſt in the Cleft of a Mountain, and every time ſhe Hatcht, a Serpent came and devour'd her Young ones. The Raven complaining to a Fox that was one of his Friends, ſaid ſhe to him, , what would you adviſe me to do to be rid of this Serpent? What d'you think to do? Anſwer'd the Fox. I am reſolv'd, reply'd the Raven to go and Peck out his Eyes when he is a ſleep, that ſo he may no longer find the way to my Neſt. The Fox diſapprov'd this deſign, and told the Raven, that it became a prudent Perſon to manage his Revenge in ſuch a manner, that no Miſchief might befal him in taking his Revenge: Never venture the Misfortune that befel the Crane, of which I am going to tell the Fable.

The Fable of the Crane and the Cray-fiſh.

A Crane had her Habitation by the ſide of a Lake, and liv'd upon ſuch Fiſh as ſhe could catch; but being become old and feeble, ſhe could Fiſh no longer, which was a great affliction to her. I did ill ſaid ſhe to her ſelf, in not making neceſſary Proviſion to ſupport me in my old Age; and therfore I muſt now make uſe of ſhift, and cunning to get a livelyhood: With that ſhe plac'd herſelf by the Water-ſide, and began to ſigh and weep. A Cray-fiſh perceiving her at a diſtance, accoſted her and ask'd her why ſhe wept? Alas, how can I otherwiſe chuſe but grieve, ſeeing my daily Nouriſhment like to be taken from me? For two Fiſher-men lately paſſing this way; ſaid the one to the other, Here is great ſtore of Fiſh, what think you of clearing this Pond. To whom his Companion anſwer'd, no —— there is more in ſuch a Lake: Let us go thither firſt, and then come hither. If this be ſo, added the Crane I muſt ſoon prepare for Death.

The Cray-fiſh hearing this, went to the Fiſh and told 'em what ſhe had heard: Upon which the poor Fiſh in great perplexity ſwam immediately to the Crane, and addreſſing themſelves to her, we are now, ſaid they, in ſo great a Conſternation, that we are come to deſire your Protection. Tho' you are our Enemy, yet Wiſemen tell us, that they who make their Enemy their Sanctuary, may be aſſur'd of being well receiv'd: you know full well that we are your

your daily Food, and therefore consider and tell us what you think is the best course for us to take. To which the Crane; that which you acquaint me with, I heard my self from the Mouths of the Fisher-men; we have no power sufficient to withstand 'em; nor do I know any other way to secure you, but by removing you one after another into a little Pond here hardby, where there is very good Water, and where the Fisher-men can never catch you, by reason of the Extraordinary depth of it. The Fish approv'd this Counsel, and desir'd the Crane to carry 'em one by one into this Pond. Nor did she fail to Fish up three or four every Morning, but she carry'd 'em to the Top of a small Hill, where she eat 'em: And thus she Feasted her self for a while.

One Day, the Cray-fish, having a desire to see this delicate Pond made known her curiosity to the Crane, who bethinking her self that the Cray-fish was her most mortal Enemy, resolv'd to Murder her as she had done the Rest: And with this design she flung the Cray-fish upon her Neck, and flew towards the Hill. But the Cray-fish spying at a distance the small Bones of her Companions, mistrusted the Cranes Intention, and laying hold of a fair Opportunity, got the Cranes Neck in her Claw, and grasp'd it so hard, that she strangl'd the Crane.

This Example shews you that Crafty, tricking People are often Victimes to their own Cunning. The Raven returning Thanks to the Fox for his good Advice, Sir, said she, I shall not by any means neglect your wholesome Instructions; but what shall I do? You must,

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Reply'd the Fox? Snatch up ſomthing that belongs to ſome body that ſees what you do, to the end he may follow you. Which he may eaſily do, if you fly ſlowly; and when you are juſt over the Serpents Hole, let fall the thing that you hold in your Beak or Talons whatever it be, for then the Perſon that follows you, ſeeing the Serpent come forth, will knock him o'th Head. The Raven did as the Fox adviſ'd him, and by that means was deliver'd from the Serpent.

What cannot be done by ſtrength, ſaid *Damna*, is to be perform'd by Policy. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Kalila*; but the Ox has more Policy then you. He will by his Prudence fruſtrate all your Projects, and before you can pluck one Hair from his Tail, he will flea off your Skin. I know not whether you have heard of the Fable of the Rabbet and the Fox: I will tell it you, that you may make your Advantage of it.

The Fable of the Rabbet, the Fox and the Wolf.

A Hungry Wolf ſpy'd a Rabbet feeding at the Foot of a Tree, and had an intention to ſeize him. The Rabbet perceiving him, would fain have ſav'd his life by Flight, but the Wolf threw himſelf in his way, aud ſtopt his Eſcape. So that the Rabber ſeeing himſelf in the power of the Wolf, ſubmiſſive and proſtrate at his Feet gave him all the good Words he could think of. I know, ſaid He, that the King of all Creatures wants a ſupply to appeaſe his Hunger, and that he is now ranging the Fields in ſearch of Food; but I am but an inſignificant Morſel for his Royal Stomack: Therefore let him be pleas'd to take my Information. About a Furlong from hence lives a Fox that is Fat and Plump, and whoſe Fleſh is as white as a Capons: Such a Prey will do your Majeſties Buſineſs. If you pleaſe I will go and give him a Viſit, and engage him to come forth of his Hole: Then, if he prove to your liking, you may devour him; if not, it will be my Glory that I had the Honour of being a ſmall Breakfaſt for your Majeſty

Thus over-perſuaded the Wolf gave the Rabbet leave to ſeek out the Fox, and follow'd him at the Heels. The Rabbet left the Wolf at the Entrance of the Hole and crept in himſelf, o'rejoy'd that he had ſuch an Opportunity to revenge himſelf of the Fox, from whom he had receiv'd an Affront which he had for along time diſſembl'd. He made him a

low

low Congie, and gave him great Demonſtrations of his Friendſhip. On the other ſide, the Fox was no leſs obliging in his Anſwers to the Rabbets Civilities, and ask'd him what good wind had blown him thither. Only the great deſire I had to ſee your Worſhip, reply'd the Rabbet, and there is one of my Relations at the Door who is no leſs ambitious to kiſs your hands, but he dares not enter without your permiſſion. But then the Fox miſtruſting there was ſomthing more then ordinary in all this glozing, well ſaid He to himſelf, I muſt pay this pretended Friend of mine in his own Coin. However not ſeeming to take any notice of any thing, Sir, ſaid he to the Rabbet, your Friend ſhall be very welcome, he does me too much honour ——— but, added he, I muſt entreat you to let me put my Chamber in a little better order to receive him. The Rabbet too much perſuaded of the good Succeſs of his Enterprize, puh, puh, ſaid He, my Relation is one that never ſtands upon Ceremonies, and ſo went out to give the Wolf notice that the Fox was fall'n into the ſnare. And now the Wolf thought he had the Fox faſt already, and the Rabbet believ'd himſelf quite out of danger, as having done the Wolf ſuch a piece of good Service. But the Fox had at the Entrance of his Hole, a very deep Trench, which he had digg'd on purpoſe to guard him againſt all ſurprizes of this nature. Preſently therefore he took away the Planks, which he had lay'd for the Convenience of thoſe that came to Viſit him, cover'd the Trench with a little Earth and Straw, and ſet open a Back Door in caſe of neceſſity; and having thus prepar'd all things

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in a readineſs, he deſir'd the Rabbet and his Friend to walk in. But then it was, that the Wolf no leſs Hungry then the Rabbet was deſirous to make his eſcape, fell both into the Trench. Upon which the Wolf imagining that the Rabbet had a hand in the contrivance, in the heat of his fury, tore him to Pieces.

By this you ſee, that Fineneſs and Policy ſignifie nothing, where you meet Men of Wit and Prudence. 'Tis very true, ſaid *Damna*, but the Ox is now proud of his Preferment, neither has he the leaſt Suſpicion of my Hatred. A Rabbet wiſer then that you ſpoke of laſt, undertook the ruin of a Lion, and you ſhall ſee how he brought it about.

The Fable of the Lion and the Rabbet.

IN the Parts adjoyning to *Raydet* there was a very delightful Meadow, where ſeveral Wild Beaſts had taken up their Habitations by reaſon of the Pleaſantneſs of the Place. Among thoſe Creatures there was a furious Lion, who diſturb'd the Peace of all the reſt with his continual Murders. One Day, therefore, they met all together, went to wait upon the Lion, and lay'd before him that they were his Subjects, and by conſequence, that it no way became him to make ſuch dreadful ſlaughters of whole Families together. You ſeek after us, added they, and we avoy'd you; would you live and enjoy your quiet, by letting us alone, we would bring a whole Flasket of Tame and Wildfowl, and you ſhould never be put to the Toyl of Hunting. The Lion accepted this Propoſal, and the Beaſts caſt lots every Morning, and he upon whom the lot fell was appointed to hunt for the Lion.

One Day the lot fell upon the Rabbet, who ſeeing he could not avoy'd it, after he had ſummon'd all the Beaſts together, if you will ſtand by me, ſaid He, I will certainly deliver you from this cruel Tyrant that Reigns over us. To which they all unanimouſly anſwer'd, that they would do their utmoſt: Upon this the Rabbet ſtay'd till the Hour of Dinner was paſt: By which time the Lions anger augmented with his Appetite; he laſht the Ground with his Tayl, and perceiving the Rabbet, Whence come you, ſaid He, and what are my Subjects

a doing? May it pleaſe your Majeſty, anſwer'd the Rabbet, bowing to him with a profound Reſpect, your Subjects ſent me hither to bring your Majeſty your accuſtom'd Proviſion; but I met a Lion by the way who took it from me. I told him, it was for the King: To which He anſwer'd, that there was no other King in this Country but himſelf; and now I am come to inform your Majeſty of this hainous piece of inſolence. Then the Lion, opening his burning Eyes, cry'd out, who is this Audacious Uſurper that dares to lay his Paw upon my Dinner? Canſt thou ſhew me where this hair-brain'd *Royſter* lives? Yes, Sir, reply'd the Rabbet, if you'l but be pleas'd to follow me: And when they came to a Well that was full of clear Water, Sir, ſaid the Rabbet to the Lion, your Enemy lives in this Well, but I dare not ſhew him you, and therefore look your ſelf and you'l ſee him as plain as the Noſe i'your Face: Have a care however that you are not firſt aſſail'd. With that the Lion went ſtalking to the Well, and ſeeing another Lion i'the Water, which he took for his Enemy that had devour'd his Food, enflam'd with Anger he flung himſelf into the Well to encounter his Mortal Foe and there was drown'd himſelf.

This Fable ſhews you, that a ſtrong Man may be ſurpriz'd by one that is much weaker, when he is not miſtruſted. Well, well, ſaid *Kalila*, if you can ruin the Ox without doing the Lion any harm, go on and proſper; if not, I adviſe you to give over your Enterpriſe: For it does not become a Subject for his own private Intereſt and repoſe to ſuffer any Miſchief to befall his Prince.

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Here the Confabulation between *Damna* and *Kalila* ended, and *Damna* having taken leave of his Wife, abſented himſelf at a great diſtance from the Lion's Court. Some time after he return'd, and affecting an Air of Sadneſs before his Majeſty, Oh honeſt *Damna* ſaid the King to Him, whence comſt thou? Where haſt thou been this long time? Is there any News abroad? Yes, Sir, anſwer'd *Damna*. Then the King ſtarting for fear, what is it, ſaid he to *Damna*? I beg your Majeſty, reply'd *Damna*, that you will be pleas'd to grant me a private Audience. Affairs of Importance ought never to be delay'd, reply'd the King; and ſo commanding the Room to be clear'd, order'd *Damna* to go on and ſpeak what he had to ſay. Then *Damna*, 'tis requiſite, ſaid He, that the Bearer of ill News ſhould have the addreſs to give it an Allay; and that he to whom it is reported ſhould be able to judge, whether the Perſon that makes the Report be worthy to be Credited, or whether he ſpeak for his own Intereſt. If he be worthy to be believ'd, he ought to be confided in, when his diſcourſe may be advantageous to the Public. The Lion, interrupting him, thou knowſt, ſaid He, that I have experienc'd thy Fidelity, and therefore ſpeak boldly, what thou haſt to ſay. The Purity of my Intentions, continu'd *Damna*, have made me to aſſume this Boldneſs, and I am more then happy to be known to your Majeſty. I queſtion not thy Zeal, ſaid the Lion; but prithe come to the News, which it ſo much concerns me to know.

When *Damna* perceiv'd the good ſucceſs of his Flatteries, and that the King had a Confi-

dence in him, he thus began his Discourse. Sir, said He, *Chotorbè* has daily conferences with the Grandees and Chieftains of your Army, and I partly know that he improves your faint-heartedness as much as lies in his Power to your Prejudice; which makes me believe he has some design upon your Person. 'Tis to be admir'd, that he should so ungratefully abuse your Favours, and the particular Friendship with which you are pleas'd to Honour him. *Damna*, cry'd the Lion; take a care what thou say'st: If this be true, what course is to be taken? Sir, reply'd *Damna*, there are two sorts of People, the one Sage and Prudent; the other Rash and Inconsiderate. The one are always at a loss, when any accident befals 'em; the other foresee things, and nothing moves 'em, whatever happens. We ought therefore to imitate their Prudence, and to secure our selves from danger, so soon as we have the least Inkling of it. There are another sort of People who never truly foresee Danger, but who know how to take their proper courses when it presents it self: And these three Characters put me in mind of the Fable of the three Fish, which I would tell your Majesty, did I not fear it might offen'd your Patience. But the Lion commanded him to let him hear it out, and so *Damna* thus proceeded.

The Fable of the two Fiſher-men, and the three Fiſh.

THere was a certain Pond, of which the Water was very clear, and empty'd it ſelf into a River. It was remote from the High-way, and there were in it three Fiſh, One of which was prudent, the ſecond had but little Wit, and the third was a meer Fool. One Day, by chance two Fiſher-men perceiv'd this Pond, they made up to it, and they no ſooner obſerv'd theſe three Fiſh which were Large and Fat, but they went and fetch'd their Nets. The Fiſh ſuſpecting the Fiſher-mens deſign, were in a peck of Troubles. The prudent Fiſh immediately reſolv'd what Courſe to take. He threw himſelf out of the Pond, through the litte Channel that open'd into the River, and ſo made his Eſcape. The next Morning the two Fiſher-men return'd, and ſtop'd up all the Paſſages, to prevent the Fiſh from getting out. The half witted Fiſh, repented then that he had not follow'd his Companion; but at length he bethought himſelf of a Stratagem; he appear'd upon the Surface of the Water with his Belly upward, and fain'd to be Dead. The Fiſher-men alſo having tak'n him, thought him really what he Counterfeited himſelf to be, ſo that they threw him again into the Water. The laſt, which was the fooliſh Fiſh, ſeeing himſelf preſs'd by the Fiſher-men, ſunk down to the Bottom of the Pond, and ſhifted up and down from Place to Place, but could not avoid falling into their hands.

This Example ſhews your Majeſty, that you ought to prevent *Chotorbè*, by making your ſelf Maſter of his Life, before he have yours at his Command. What you ſay is very agreeable to reaſon, ſaid the King; but I cannot believe that *Chotorbè* upon whom I have heap'd ſo many Favours, ſhould be ſo perfidious as you repreſent him. 'Tis true, reply'd *Damna*, that he never receiv'd any thing but Kindneſs from your Majeſty; but what is bread i'the Bone will never out of the Fleſh; neither can any thing come out of a Veſſel but what is put into it. Of which the following Fable is a ſufficient Proof.

The Fable of the Scorpion and the Tortoiſe.

A Tortoiſe and a Scorpion had bound themſelves in ſuch a Tye of Friendſhip, that the one could not live without the other. One Day, finding themſelves oblig'd to change their Habitation, they Travell'd together, but meeting with a River, the Scorpion making a ſtop, ſaid He to the Tortoiſe, how ſhall I get over the Water? Never trouble your ſelf my dear Friend for that, reply'd the Tortoiſe, I'll carry you upon my back ſecure from all manner of Danger. In ſhort the Scorpion got upon the Back of the Tortoiſe, who took Water and began to Swim. But he was hardly got half way the River, when he heard a Terrible Rumbling upon his Back, which made him ask the Scorpion what he was doing? Doing! Reply'd the Scorpion, why I am whetting my Sting, to try whether I can bore this Horny Cuiraſs of yours that covers your Fleſh. Oh Ingrateful Wretch, then cry'd the Tortoiſe, wouldſt thou, at a time when I am giving thee ſuch a Demonſtration of my Friendſhip, would'ſt thou at ſuch a time, Pierce with thy Venomous Sting the Defence that Nature has given me, and take away my life?

Sir, ſaid *Damna*, purſuing his Diſcourſe, the Wicked are never to be favour'd. You urge me too hard upon this Subject, ſaid the Lion, were *Chotorbé* capable of ſo much perfidiouſneſs, he would certainly have ſhewn his malicious Intentions before this. Never truſt to that, reply'd *Damna*, he carries on his Deſign

with more prudence. He will not attack your Majesty's Person in Particular, he will first Cajole your whole Court, and delude 'em into his Interests. You say something now, said the Lion, Interrupting him, but how shall we find a fair pretence to be rid of him? Let me alone for that, reply'd *Damna*, a faithless Subject must be Punish'd.

These Amusements of the subtle Fox made such an Impression in the mind of the King, that he resolv'd to admit *Chotorb* no more into his presence, but to banish him altogether from his Court, after he had let him know the reason of his Fall. But *Damna*, fearing lest *Chotorb* should discover his Villany, Sir, said He, I have heard from Persons of Understanding, that a Prince ought never to inflict Public Punishment upon faults committed in Secret. Nor secretly to chastise public Crimes: Therefore, seeing *Chotorb* is a secret Transgressour, he must be privately Punish'd. 'Tis a great piece of Injustice, reply'd the Lion, to punish any one, before he be told the reason of his Punishment. 'Twill be be sufficient, answer'd *Damna*, that once for all you make him sensible of your Displeasure, and that you give him a cold Reception: His Conscience will upbraid him with his perfidiousness at the same instant, and he will no longer doubt but that you are preparing for him his due Reward. You will perceive him also Disturb'd and Agitated in his Mind, which will be an evident Proof of the Truth of my Suspitions. If it be so, reply'd the Lion, I shall be soon convinc'd of his Treason.

Damna, ſeeing the King ſo well prepar'd to his Hearts deſire, went to *Chotorbè*, and made him a low Bow. To whom, the Ox, after many Careſſes, What's the Reaſon, ſaid He, that you come to ſee me no oftner? Is it becauſe you think me no longer one of your Friends? Tho' I have been abſent for ſome time, reply'd *Damna*, Yet have I ſtill preſerv'd you in my Thoughts. But why, reply'd the Ox, did you retire from the Court? Becauſe I love my Liberty, reply'd *Damna*; and when we are in the Kings Preſence, we tremble for fear, as being always under reſtraint. You look cry'd the Ox, as if you were not ſatisfi d with the King, and were afraid of ſome Misfortune. 'Tis very true, anſwer'd *Damna*, but 'tis for your ſake, and not for my own that I am in this perplexity. Poor *Chotorbè* terribly frighned at this anſwer, my Dear Friend ſaid He to *Damna*, let me know the Danger that Threatens me. Why truly, reply'd *Damna*, a Friend of mine has in truſted me with a private diſcourſe which paſt ſome Days ago, between the King and a great Perſon who has no Kindneſs for your Lordſhip. Said the King to this great Perſon, *Chotorbe is now very Fat and of no uſe to us; now I muſt feaſt all the Lords of my Court; and therefore I think my cheapeſt way will be to Roaſt this Ox alive and whole for their Entertainment.* I bring you this News to convince you that I am your Real Friend, and to aſſiſt you, as far as lyes in my power, to avoy'd the Danger. *Chotorbè*, aſtoniſh'd at this Piece of ſour Intelligence: But by what Device, ſaid He, ſhall I be able to eſcape this Intended Cruelty of the King? Alas, good Heaven is my

Witneſs, I never gave him the leaſt Occaſion to uſe me ſo ſeverely. Certainly I muſt have ſome private Enemy who has falſely accus'd me to his Majeſty behind my Back, and incens'd him without a Cauſe againſt me. He is like the Drake, who ſeeing the Reſemblance of the Moon in the Water, thought it to be ſome extraordinary Fiſh, and deluded with that Errour div'd ſeveral times to catch it; but mad to ſee that all his Efforts ſhould prove Vain; he came out of the Water, ſwearing never to return to that Element again: And after that, tho' he were never ſo Hungry, he would never Dive more after any Fiſh, believing it to be only the light of the Moon. Backbiters and Flatterers have ſo prepoſſeſs'd the Lion againſt me, that whatever I do hence forward to pleaſe him, he will ſtill believe that I only diſſemble. It may be, ſaid *Damna*, the King may alter his Mind: On the other ſide, being abſolute in his Power, he may, without being bound to give any reaſon, Condemn you to Death. 'Tis true, reply'd *Chotorbe*, that Princes many times repay with Ingratitude the Services of their moſt faithful Subjects, as you may ſee by the Enſuing Fable.

The

The Fable of the Falcon and the Hen.

HUſſie, ſaid a Falcon to a Hen, you are an ingrateful Slut. Why, what ingratitude have you obſerv'd in me, reply'd the Hen? Can there be a greater Piece of Ingratitude, reply'd the Falcon, then that which you commit in reference to Men? By Day, they ſeek out every where for Nouriſhment to Fat you, and in the Night time you have a place always ready to Rooſt in. They take care that your Chamber be cloſe Barr'd up that nothing may trouble your Repoſe: Nevertheleſs when they deſire to catch you, you run away; which I never do; I, that am a Wild Bird of Prey. Upon the meaneſt of their Careſſes I grow Tame; ſuffer my ſelf to be taken, and I never Eat but upon their Fiſts. All this is very true, reply'd the Hen: But I find you know not the Reaſon, of my Flight: And wherefore is it? Becauſe you never ſaw a Falcon upon the Spit; but I have ſeen a thouſand Hens dreſt with all manner of Sauces.

I have recited this Fable, to ſhew you, that they who are ſo ambitious of a Court Life, know not the Inconveniences of it. I believe, ſaid *Damna*, that the Lion ſeeks your Life for no other Reaſon, but becauſe he is jealous of your Vertues. 'Tis a certain Truth, reply'd *Chotorb-*, that the Fruit Trees only are ſubject to have their Branches

Branches Broken; Nightingales are Cag'd becauſe they Sing more Pleaſantly then other Birds; and we pluck the Peacocks Feathers from their Tayls, for no other reaſon but becauſe they are Beautiful. And thus at this Day, the Wicked who are Cloath'd with the outward ſhews of Vertue, are much more Honour'd then Perſons truly Vertuous. However I am not afraid of whatever Contrivances the Malice of Wicked People can Weave to my Prejudice. I will Imitate the Nightingale in the following Fable.

The Fable of the Nightingale and the Country-man.

A Certain Country-man had a Roſe-buſh in his Garden, which he made his whole Delight. He had ſo great a kindneſs for it, that every Morning he went to look upon it, and ſee his Roſes ready to blow. One Day, as he was admiring, according to his Cuſtom, the Beauty of his Flowers, he ſpy'd a Nightingale perch'd upon one of the Roſes, and plucking off the Leaves one after another. Which put him into ſo great a Paſſion, that the next Day he lay'd a Snare for the Nightingale, in revenge of the wrong which he pretended to have receiv'd from Her. In ſhort he took the Bird and put her in a Cage. The Nightingale very Melancholy to ſee her ſelf in that Condition, with a Mournful Voice ask'd the Country-man the Reaſon of her Slavery. To whom the Country-man: Know, ſaid He, that thou toareſt my Heart, when thou toareſt the lovely Leaves of my Roſes. Alaſs, reply'd the Nightingale, you uſe me very ſeverely for having cropt a few Leaves from a Roſe. But how muſt you expect to be us'd in the other World, for afflicting me in this manner! For in the other World all People are us'd after the ſame manner as they deal by their Neighbours. The Country-man mov'd with theſe words, gave the Nightingale her Liberty again; for which the Nightingale being no leſs willing to thank him; Friend, ſaid She, ſince you have done me this favour, I will repay your Kindneſs in the

the ſame manner. Know then, that at the Foot of yonder Tree lyes bury'd a Pot full of Gold, go and take it, and Heaven bleſs you with it. The Country-man digg'd about the Tree, and finding the Pot, I wonder, ſaid He, to the Nightingale, that being able to ſee this Pot, which was bury'd under Ground, you could not diſcover the Net that was ſpread for your Captivity. Know you not, reply'd the Nightingale, that we can never eſcape our Deſtiny?

By this Example you ſee that we are wholly to reſign our ſelves up to our Fate. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Damna*; however the Lion ſeeking your Deſtruction will incur divine Puniſhment; and being ſo deſirous as he is to augment his Grandeur by your Fall, what befel the Hunter, will be his Deſtiny.

The Fable of the Hunter, the Fox and the Leopard.

A Certain Hunter, ſaid *Damna* purſuing his Diſcourſe, eſpy'd in the middle of a Field a Fox that lookt with ſo cunning an Aſpect, and who had on a Skin ſo fair and lovely, that he had a great deſire to take him alive. To this purpoſe he found out his Hole, and juſt before the Entrance into it he digg'd a very deep Trench, which he cover'd with ſlender Twigs and Straw, and having eas'd Nature upon it, he went and hid himſelf in a Corner out of ſight. The Fox returning to his Hole, ſmelling the ſtrong Scent of what the Hunter had left for his Breakfaſt, preſently ran to ſee what dainty Morſel it was. When he came to the Trench, the Fox would fain have been taſting the delicate Morſel; but the fear of ſome Treachery would not permit him to fall too: So that he remov'd his Lodging and took up other Quarters. In a moment after came a hungry Leopard, who being tempted by the Savoury Odour of the Reaking Electuary, made ſuch haſt to fall on, that he tumbl'd into the Trench. The Hunter hearing the Noiſe of the falling Leopard, threw himſelf into the Trench, without looking into it, becauſe he never queſtion'd but that it had been the Fox: But there he found the Leopard which tore him in Pieces and devour'd him.

This

This Fable teaches us that Prudence and Wiſdom ought to regulate our Deſires. Then *Chotorbè*, I did very ill, ſaid He, to accept the Lions offer. 'Tis not enough, reply'd *Damna*, interrupting him, to repent and bewail your paſt Actions, you muſt now make it your Buſineſs to moderate the Lions Paſſion. I am aſſur'd of his good will reply'd *Chotorbè*; but Traytours and Flatters will do their utmoſt to change his Favour into Hatred; and am afraid they will bring about their deſigns in the ſame manner as the Wolf, the Fox and the Raven ruin'd the Cammel.

The Fable of the Wolf, the Fox, the Raven and the Cammel.

IN former times ſaid *Chotorbè*, there was a Crafty Raven, a Subtle Fox, and a Bloody Wolf who put themſelves into the Service of a Lion, that held his Court in a Wood upon the Highway. Near this place a Merchants Cammel quite tyr'd with long Travel lay down to reſt himſelf: And in a few Days after having recover'd his ſtrength, he enter'd into the Lions Wood with a deſign to Feed. But he was ſtrangely aſtoniſh'd when he ſaw the Lion there: He offer'd him his Service; the Lion accepted it, and after he knew by what Accident he came into the Place, he ask'd him what he would do? Whatever your Majeſty pleaſes, reply'd the Cammel. If thou wilt live with me, reply'd the Lion, thou ſhalt be ſecure. The Cammel was very glad of this, and remain'd with the Lion, doing nothing but feed without diſturbance, ſo that he became Plump and Fat.

One Day the Lion going a Hunting, met an Elephant with whom he Encounter'd: But returning Wounded to the Wood, was ſtarv'd to Death. While he lay upon his Death Bed, the Wolf and the Fox, who liv'd only upon what the Lion left after he had been a Field, fell into a deep Melancholy, which the Lion perceiving, I am more ſorry, ſaid He, for your ſadneſs then my own Wounds: Go and ſee if you meet with any Venſon in the

the Purlieus adjoyning: If you do, return and give me Notice and I will go and ſeize it for you. Upon that, away they went, left the Lion, and held a Council all three together. Said the Wolf, what good does this Cammel do us here? We have no Correſpondence with him; nor does the Lion get any thing by him; then let us kill him, he will keep us alive for two or three Days, and by that time the King may be cur'd of his Wounds. But this advice did no way pleaſe the Fox, who affirm'd that the Cammels life could not be juſtly taken away, ſince the Lion had given him his word that he ſhould live unmoleſted in the Wood: That ſuch an Action would render the King Odious to all Poſterity, who would look upon him as a perfidious Perſon, who gave Protection to a ſtranger within his Dominions, only to put him to Death without a Cauſe, and gain by his Deſtruction.

The Raven, who had a great deal of Wit and as much Malice, reconcil'd both theſe Opinions, ſaying that there might be a fair Pretence found to colour the Death of the Cammel. Stay here then till I return; and ſo ſaying, away he went to the Lion; and when he came into his Preſence, Sir, ſaid He, we are almoſt famiſh'd to Death, and for that reaſon ſo weak that we can hardly Crawl along: But we have found out a Remedy for all this; and if your Majeſty will but give leave we ſhall have a Feaſt. What is you remedy? Anſwer'd the Lion, hardly able to open his Jaws. To whom the Rav'n, Sir, ſaid He, the Cammel lives like a Hermite in your Kingdom,

never

never comes near us, neither is he good for any thing but to ſatisfy our Hunger. And in regard your Majeſty wants good and wholeſome Dyet in your Condition, Cammels Fleſh (for I am ſo much a Surgeon) may be very proper for you. The Lion, highly incens'd at this Propoſal of the Raven, Oh! What a wicked and Treacherous Age is this! Cry'd He. How will you prove it lawful to be faithleſs, and violate aſcertain'd Promiſes? I know nothing of that, Sir, reply'd the Raven; but great Caſuiſts hold it for a Maxim, That a ſingle Perſon may be ſacrific'd to the welfare of a whole Nation, or the Preſervation of the Kings Life. Beſides, there may be ſome Expedient found out to diſingage your Majeſty from your Promiſe. Upon that, the Lion bow'd down his Head to conſider of it, and the Raven return'd to his Companions, to whom he related what diſcourſe had paſt between the King and him. And now, ſaid the Raven, let us go to the Cammel, and inform him of the unfortunate Accident that has befallen the King, and of his being like to Starve; And then, let us lay before him, that ſince we have ſpent the greateſt Part of our Lives in Peace and Plenty under the King Reign, it is but juſt, we ſhould ſurrender up our own, to prolong his Days.

In purſuance of this Diſcourſe, which will engage the Cammel to accompany us, we will go to the King and offer him our three Carkaſſes; ſtriving at the ſame time which ſhall be moſt free of his Fleſh to ſerve the King for his preſent Nouriſhment. The Cammel per-

perhaps will then be willing to ſacrifice himſelf; and then we'll take him at his Word; and our deſign will ſucceed. In ſhort they Acted their Parts ſo well, that they carry'd the Cammel to the King, to whom the Raven being Spokeſman, Sir, ſaid He, ſeeing your Health is more Pretious to us then our lives, ſuffer me to offer you up mine to appeaſe your Raging Hunger. What a goodly Collation you offer to his Majeſty! Cry'd the Fox. You that have only a little Skin and three or four dry Bones, are a precious Bit to ſatisfy the King, who I warrant you could feed at this time like a Fidler in a Farmer's Henrooſt; I have better Fleſh and more ſubſtantial then yours. Then the Wolf, Sir, ſaid He, your Majeſty muſt have more Solid Dyet to refreſh your Hungry Stomack, and therefore I think my ſelf a Banquet much more proper to regale your Highneſs. The Cammel, unwilling to appear leſs Affectionate then the Reſt, when it came to his turn, all you three, ſaid He, are not enough to ſatisfy the King's Hunger; but tho' he had not eaten a Mouthful theſe three Days, I alone am ſufficient to reſtore him to his Health. Then ſaid all the Reſt, this Cammel ſpeaks reaſon, his Fleſh is Excellent, and dainty, worth your Majeſties Taſt. How happy will he be, to leave to Poſterity ſuch an Example of Zeal and Generoſity! And ſo ſaying they all fell up him, and tore him to pieces, before he could ſpeak a Word for himſelf.

This

This Fable ſhews that when ſeveral wicked Conſpirators combine together in the Contrivance of any Enterprize, they eaſily bring it to paſs. For my part ſaid *Damna*, were I in your Condition, I would defend my life, as I adviſe you to do: For he that dyes with his Sword in his hand, renders himſelf famous. 'Tis not good to begin a War; but when we are attackt, 'tis Ignominious to Surrender our ſelves Cowardly into the Enemies hand. But we ought to know our Strength, reply'd *Choterbe*, before we Engage in Combat; for if we attack our Enemy imprudently it reſembles the Angel Ruler of the Sea, concerning whom I will tell you the Fable.

The Fable of the Angel Ruler of the Sea, and two Birds, call'd Titavi.

TWo Birds, call'd *Titavi*, liv'd upon the Shore of the *Indian* Sea. When it was Hatching Seaſon, ſaid the Female to the Male, 'tis time for me to chuſe a proper place wherein to Hatch my young ones. To whom the Male, this is a very good Place, ſaid He. No, reply'd the Female, for the Sea may ſwell, and the Waves may carry away my Eggs. That can never be, ſaid the Male, nor dares the Angel Ruler of the Sea do me an Injury; for if he ſhould, I would certainly call him to an Account. You muſt never boaſt, reply'd the Female, of a thing which you are not able to perform. What compariſon is there betweeen You and the Prince of the Sea? Remember the Misfortune that befel the Tortoiſe. What Misfortune? Cry'd the Male.

The Fable of the Tortoiſe and two Ducks.

THere was a Tortoiſe, continu'd the Female, that liv'd in a Pond with ſome Ducks in full content. But at length there happen'd ſo dry a Year that there was no Water in the Pond. Thereupon the Ducks finding themſelves conſtrain'd to remove, went to the Tortoiſe to take their Leaves of him. But the Tortoiſe upbraided 'em for leaving him in the time of his Calamity, and beſought 'em to carry him a long with 'em. To whom the Ducks, 'Tis a great Trouble to us, ſaid they, that we muſt leave you in this Condition, but we are conſtrain'd to it for our own Preſervation: And as to what you propoſe to us, to take you with us, we have a long Journey to make, and you can never follow us, becauſe we can fly: Nevertheleſs, if you will promiſe us, not to ſpeak a word by the way, we will carry you. But we ſhall meet with People that will talk to us; and then you will be tatling, which will be the cauſe of your Deſtruction. No, anſwer'd the Tortoiſe, I will do what ever you would have me. Then the Ducks order'd the Tortoiſe to take a little Stick, and hold it in the middle between his Teeth; and then exhorting him to keep ſteady, two Ducks took the Stick by each end, and ſo rais'd him up. Now as they flew over a Village, the Inhabitants wondring at the Novelty of the ſight, fell a Shouting with all their Might; which made ſuch a horrid Noiſe, that the Tortoiſe grew Impatient to be twatling. And at length

not,

not able to keep ſilence any longer, he was going to wiſh the People Eyes out for Gazing upon 'em. But ſo ſoon as he open'd his Mouth, he fell to the Ground and Kill'd himſelf.

This Example ſhews, that we ought not to deſpiſe the Exhortations of Friends. I have heard your Fable, ſaid the Male, but know, that they who want Courage, are no way capable of great performances. Let us Hatch our young ones in this Place, and let us be aſſur'd, that the Angel Ruler of the Sea can do us no harm. The Female obey'd, and built her Neſt by the Sea ſide: But within a Day or two after, the Ocean ſwelling, the Waves overturn'd the Neſt, and the Prince of the Sea took the Eggs. Then the Female, addreſſing her ſelf to the Male, I told you, ſaid ſhe, that you were too Vainglorious to out-brave a Power, which it became you rather to revere Now let us ſee how you will revenge your ſelf for this Affront. I'll aſſure you, reply'd the Male, that I will make him reſtore your Eggs. And ſo ſaying, without any more delay, he flew to all the Birds, one after another, told 'em the Story, and crav'd Aid to revenge himſelf upon the Prince of the Sea. All the Birds promis'd their ſuccour to *Titavi*, and went with him alſo to the Griffon, a nd threaten'd to acknowledge him no longer for their King, if he did not Head 'em. Thereupon, the Griffon flew before 'em, and they beſet the Prince of the Sea's Palace, who ſeeing ſuch an Infinite Number of Birds, in great Terrour and Affright, reſtor'd the Eggs.

An Enemy ſaid *Damna*, is at no time to be deſpis'd. I will not then begin the Combat, reply'd

reply'd *Chotorbè*, interrupting him, but if the Lion attack me, I will defend my ſelf. Well then, anſwer'd *Damna*, when you ſee him laſh the Ground with his Tail, and move his Eyes, you may be ſure he will immediately be upon your Skirts. I thank you for your Advice, reply'd *Chotorbè*, and when I obſerve the ſigns which you have ſo like a Friend inform'd me of, I ſhall prepare to receive him.

Damna, overjoy'd at the ſucceſs of his Enterprize, went to *Kalila*, who ask'd him how his Deſign went forward. I thank my Fates, cry'd *Damna*, I am juſt going to Triumph over my Enemies. After this Confabulation, the two Foxes went to Court, where ſoon after *Chotorbè* arriv'd.

The Lion no ſooner beheld him, but he thought him Guilty: And *Chotorbè*, caſting his Eyes upon the Lion, made no Queſtion but that his Majeſty had reſolv'd his Ruin. So that both the one and the other manifeſting thoſe ſigns which *Damna* had deſcrib'd to each, there began a moſt terrible Combat, wherein the Lion kill'd the Ox, but not without a great deal of Trouble and Hazard. Oh! What a a wicked Creature thou art! Cry'd *Kalila* to *Damna*, for thou haſt here endanger'd the Kings Life. Thy end will be Miſerable, for contriving ſuch pernicious Deſigns; and that which happen'd to a Cheat who was the Cully of his own Knaveries, will one Day befall thee.

The Fable of two young Merchants, the one Crafty the other without Malice.

TWo young Merchants left their Country, to Travel upon the Account of Trade: The one was call'd *Sharpwit*, the other *Simpleton*. Theſe two by Accident found a Bagg full of Mony. Said *Sharpwit* to his Companion, Travelling in truth is very Profitable, but very Painful: And therefore Brother, let us be contented with this Mony, without Fatiguing our ſelves any more to get Wealth: To which *Simpleton* conſenting, they return'd both to their Lodging. However before they parted, *Simpleton* bethought himſelf of Dividing what they had found, to the end they might be both at their own Liberty. But, ſaid *Sharpwit*, 'tis much better for us to put it into a ſafe Place, and every Day to take out ſomthing out of the Stock. *Simpleton* anſwer'd, that he very well approv'd of his Propoſal. After this they hid the Mony, taking each of 'em a ſmall Sum for their particular Expences. The next Day, *Sharpwit* went where the Mony lay, and having taken it away, return'd home. On the other ſide, when *Simpleton* had expended all that he had, he ran to *Sharpwit's* Lodging, and meeting with him, Come, ſaid He, let's go together and take out ſuch another Sum as we took out before. Content; anſwer'd *Sharpwit*, for I have ſpent all my Stock, and want Mony: So they went both together, but when they came to the Place where the Mony had been hid, the Birds were flown. Preſently *Sharpwit* threw him

himſelf upon the Ground, tore his Hair, rent his Cloaths, and weeping to his Companion, Why haſt thou dealt ſo unkindly with thy Friend, ſaid He, for no body but thou could take away the Mony, ſince no body elſe knew where it was hid. 'Twas in vain for *Simpleton* to ſwear he had not taken it away: The other ſtill feigning to be aſſur'd of the Contrary. At length they went both before a Judge, before whom *Sharpwit*, after he had related the whole Story how they found the Mony, and how they agreed to hide it, accus'd *Simpleton* for having ſtoln it. The Judge call'd preſently for Witneſſes to prove the Robbery; to which *Sharpwit*, I have no other Witneſſes, ſaid He, but the Tree that grows next the Place; and I hope, God, who is ſo juſt, will ſuffer the dumb Tree to give Teſtimony of the truth. The Judge admiring to hear the Man talk at ſuch a rate, reſolv'd to ſee the Iſſue of the Buſineſs, and accepting the Tree for a Witneſs, promis'd the next Day to take a Walk to the Tree and Examine it: And ſo the two Merchants went home till next Day. In the mean time *Sharpwit* told his Father the Story, aſſuring him withal that he had no hope but in him, when he took the Tree for his Evidence. If you will but act your part, added he, we ſhall have the Sum which I have taken, and as much more from the Party accus'd upon his Condemnation, which will ſerve us very well, the remainder of our Days. His Father ask'd him what he was to do. Why Sir, reply'd the Son, you muſt go into the Tree in the Evening,

and lye there all Night; to the end that when the Judge comes betimes in the Morning, you may give Teſtimony according to the Cuſtom. Oh Son, ſaid the Father, leave off theſe little knacks of Knavery, for tho' thou may'ſt deceive Men, thou can'ſt never deceive God; and I'm afraid thy Fortune will have the ſame Succeſs with that of the Frog.

The Fable of the Frog, the Cray-fiſh, and the Serpent.

THere was a Frog which had her Habitation hard by a Serpent, that every time ſhe brought forth young ones, eat 'em up; which put her almoſt beſide her Wits. One Day going to pay a Viſit to a Cray-fiſh that was one of her Goſſips, ſhe made her the confident of her Grievances. The Cray-fiſh put her in good Heart, aſſuring her that a way might be found out to rid her from ſuch a pernicious Neighbour. You will highly oblige me, ſaid the Frog, if you would be pleas'd but to teach me that Trick. Hark you then, Goſſip, reply'd the Cray-fiſh, there is in ſuch a Place one of my Comrades who is very Fat and Strong withal. Take you a ſufficient Number of little Menows, and lay 'em all in a Row from the Cray-fiſhes Hole, to the Serpents Lodging; for the Cray-fiſh that I tell you of will certainly Snap 'em up all, one after another, till he comes where the Serpent lyes; who will certainly come forth upon the noiſe, and then the Cray-

fiſh

fiſh will devour him too. The Frog follow'd this advice, and accordingly taſted the ſweet Pleaſure of revenge. But two days after, the Cray-fiſh that had eaten the Serpent, thinking to find more, went where the Frog lay in, and eat up her and all her young ones.

You ſee by this Fable, that deceivers are deceiv'd. Father, ſaid the Son, leave off this idle diſcourſe: We have no time now for Moralizing. Thereupon the old Man, who was covetous enough, not able to diſſuade his Son, ſubmitted and went and hid himſelf in the Tree. The next Day, betimes in the Morning, the Judge made haſt to the Tree, accompany'd by a great Number of Perſons of Wit and Penetration, and a great Croud of others that deſir'd to be Witneſſes of the Miracle. After ſome Ceremonies, the Judge ask'd the Tree, whether it were true that *Simpleton* had taken the Mony in diſpute. Preſently he heard a Voice that anſwer'd, *Yes —— He is* Guilty *of what he is Accus'd.* Which ſomwhat aſtoniſh'd the Judge at firſt: But afterwards ſurmizing that there might be ſome body in the Tree, he order'd all the Boughs round about the Tree to be heap'd together and ſet a Fire. Upon which the Poor old Man, after he had endur'd the heat as long as he could, cry'd out, Mercy, Mercy; and being then lifted out of the Tree, confeſs'd the Truth. By which piece of Diſcretion the Judge made manifeſt the Innocence of *Simpleton*, and *Sharpwit's* wickedneſs, for which he was puniſh'd, while all the Mony was taken from the Accuſer and given to the Party accus'd.

I have recited this Example, to ſhew you, that there is nothing like Acting with Uprightneſs and Sincerity. You are too blame, ſaid *Damna*, to call Wit by the Name of *Knavery*, and the care of a Mans own Intereſts, by the Appellation of *Artifice*. For my part, I am apt to think, that I have ſhew'd nothing but Wit and Judgment in my whole Conduct. Thou art a wicked Creature, cry'd *Kalila*, nor will I any longer liſten to thee, nor live with thee, becauſe thou teacheſt ſuch wicked Maxims. They that frequent the Company of ſuch as thou art, will come to the Gardner's end.

The Fable of the Gardner and the Bear.

THere was in former times a Gardner who lov'd his Gardning to that degree, that he abſented himſelf from the Company of Men, to the end he might wholly give himſelf up to the care of his Flowers and Plants. He had neither Wife nor Children; and from Morning till Night he did nothing but work in his Garden, ſo that it lay like a Terreſtrial Paradiſe. But at length the good Man grew weary of being alone, and took a Reſolution to leave his Garden in ſearch of good Company.

As he was walking at the foot of a Mountain, he ſpy'd a Bear whoſe looks put him into great affright. This Bear was alſo weary of being alone, and came down from the Mountain, for no other reaſon, but to ſee whether he could meet with any one that would joyn Society with him. So ſoon therefore, as they ſaw each other, they began to have a Friendſhip one for another. The Gardner firſt accoſted the Bear, who made him a profound Reverence. After ſome Complements paſt between 'em, the Gardner made the Bear a ſign to follow him, and carrying him into his Garden, regal'd him with a world of very delicious Fruit which he had carefully preſerv'd, ſo that at length they enter'd into a very ſtrict Friendſhip together. In ſo much that when the Gardner was a weary of Working, and lay down to take a little Nap, the Bear out of Affection, ſtay'd all the while by him, and kept off the Flies from his Face. One Day that the Gardner lay down to ſleep at

the foot of a Tree, and that the Bear ſtood by to drive away the Flies, it happen'd that one of thoſe Inſects lit upon the Gardner's Mouth, and ſtill as the Bear drave it away from one ſide, it would light on the other; which put the Bear into ſuch a Chafe, that he took up a great Stone to kill it. 'Tis true, he did kill the Flie, but at the ſame time he broke out two or three of the Gardner's Teeth. From whence Men of Judgment obſerve, that it is better to have a Prudent Enemy, then an Ignorant Friend.

This Example ſhews, that your Society is no leſs dangerous then the Company of the Bear. For my part, ſaid *Damna*, I am not ſo Ignorant, but that I am able to diſtinguiſh between what is Baneful, and what is Benefitial to my Friend. I know very well, reply'd *Kalila*, that your Tranſgreſſions are not the failings of Ignorance: For when you betray your Friends, 'tis not without long Premeditation; Witneſs the Contrivances you made uſe of to ſet the Lion and the Ox together by the Ears. But I cannot endure to hear you pretend to Innocence. You are like the Merchant that would make his Friend believe that Rats eat Iron.

The Fable of the Merchant and his Friend.

A Certain Merchant, ſaid *Kalila*, purſuing her Diſcourſe, had a great deſire to make a long Journey. Now in regard he was not very wealthy, 'tis requiſite, ſaid He to himſelf, that before my departure I ſhould leave ſome part of my Eſtate in the City, to the end that if I meet with ill luck in my Travels, I may have wherewithal to keep me at my Return. To this purpoſe he deliver'd a great Number of Bars of Iron in truſt to one of his Friends, deſiring him to keep 'em during his Abſence; and then taking his Leave, away he went. Some time after he return'd home; and the firſt thing he did was to go to his Friend, and demand his Iron. But his Friend who ow'd ſeveral Sums of Mony, having ſold the Iron to pay his Debts, made him this anſwer, Truly Friend, ſaid He, I put your Iron into a Room that was cloſe lock'd, imagining it would have been there as ſecure as my own Gold; but there was a Rat in the Room that eat it up. The Merchant, pretending Ignorance, 'tis very true, ſaid He, Rats love Iron extreamly. This anſwer pleas'd his Friend; who was glad to hear the Merchant ſo well enclin'd to believe that the Rats had eaten his Iron; and to remove all his ſuſpicions, he deſir'd him to Dine with him the next Day. In the mean time the Merchant met in the Middle of the City one of his Friend s Children, which he carry'd home, and lock'd up in a Room. The next Day he went to his Friend, who ſeem'd to be in great

Affliction, which he ask'd him the cauſe of; tho' he were not ignorant of it. Oh my dear Friend, anſwer'd the other, I beg you to excuſe me, if you do not ſee me ſo chearful as otherwiſe I would be: I have loſt one of my Children; I have had him cry'd by ſound of Trumpet, and I now not what is become of him. Oh, ſaid the Merchant, Yeſterday in the Evening, as I parted from hence, I ſaw an Owl in the Air with a Child in his Claws; but whether it were yours I cannot tell. Goodman Thickſcul, cry'd his Friend, are you not aſham'd to tell ſuch an egregious Lye? An Owl that weighs, at moſt, not above two or three Pound, can he carry a Boy that weighs above Fifty? Why, reply'd the Merchant, d'you make ſuch a wonder at that? As if in a Country where one Rat can eat a hundred Pound weight of Iron, it were ſuch a wonder for an Owl to carry a Child that weighs not above fifty Pound in all. The Friend then found that the Merchant was no ſuch fool as he took him to be: He begg'd his Pardon for the Cheat which he deſign'd to have put upon him, reſtor'd him his Iron, and had his Son again.

This Fable proves, that if you could be ſo unjuſt as to deceive the Lion, to whom you were ſo much beholding, you will with much more Confidence put your Tricks upon thoſe to whom you are leſs oblig'd. This is the reaſon why your Company is dangerous.

While *Damna* and *Kalila* were thus Confabulating together, the Lion, whoſe paſſion was over, made great lamentations for *Chotorb*, ſaying, that he began to be ſenſible of his Loſs, becauſe of his extraordinary Endowments.

ments. I know not, added He, whether I did ill or well, nor whether what was report-of him were true or falſe. Thus muſing for a while in a ſtudious Melancholy, at length he repented his having puniſh'd a Subject, who might for ought he knew be innocent. *Damna* obſerving that the Lion was ſeiz'd with remorſe of Conſcience, left *Kalila*, and accoſt the King with a moſt reſpectful Humility, Sir, ſaid He, what makes your Majeſty ſo Penſive? Conſider, that here your Enemy lies at your Feet, and fix your Eyes upon ſuch an Object with delight. When I think upon *Chotorbe*'s virtues, ſaid the Lion, I cannot but bemoan his Loſs. He was my Support and my Comfort, and it was by his Prudent Counſel that my People liv'd in repoſe. It becomes not your Majeſty, reply'd *Damna*, to bewail the Death of an unfaithful Subject. 'Tis true, he was profitable to the Public; but in regard he had a deſign upon your Perſon, you have done no more then what the wiſeſt of Men adviſe, which is to cut off a Member that would prove the Deſtruction of the whole Body. Theſe Admonitions gave the Lion a little comfort. However *Chotorb*.'s Innocence crying continually for Vengeance, was the reaſon that *Damna*'s Artifices were diſcover'd, and that he receiv'd the Puniſhment which he deſerv'd. For in regard that all his Enterpriſes were Capital, his End was alſo Miſerable. He that will reap Wheat, muſt never ſow Barly. He that only does good Actions, and thinks juſt Thoughts, will be happy in this World, and can not fail of being the ſame in the other.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

That the Wicked come to an ill End.

I Have with Attention heard, ſaid *Dabſchelim*, the Hiſtory of a Sycophant, who by his Flatteries deceiv'd his Prince, and was the cauſe that he wrong'd his Miniſters: Tell me therefore now, how the Lion came to diſcover *Damna*'s Infidelities, and what was the end of this Fox.

Kings, anſwer'd the old *Bramin*, are by no means to give credit to the various reports that are whiſper'd in their Ears, till they underſtand whether the Stories, which they hear, proceed from the lips of Friends or Enemies. Otherwiſe what happen'd at the Lions Court will befal them alſo: Now this is the Account which I ſhall give your Majeſty of thoſe things which you deſire to know. Some time after the Lion had kill'd the Ox, he was very much troubl'd in his mind, as I have already ſaid; for the Reflections that he continually made upon the good ſervices which the Ox had done him, plung'd him into ſo deep a Melancholy, that he abandon'd the care of his Dominions, and his Court became a Wilderneſs. He talk'd, without intermiſſion, of *Chotorbe's* rare Endowments: And the good Character which others gave him was the only conſolation with his grief would admit. One Night that he was wrapt up in Diſcourſe with the Leopard concerning the Virtues of the Ox, Your Majeſty, ſaid the Leopard, too heavily afflicts your ſelf for a thing

thing which it is impoſſible to remedy: And he that turmoils himſelf to ſeek what he cannot find, not only never finds what he ſeeks, but loſes what he has; as the Fox loſt a Hide, to get a Hen which he long'd for.

The Fable of the Fox, the Wolf, and the Hen.

A Certain Fox that was ranging about in ſearch of Food, found a large Piece of a raw Hide, which ſome wild Beaſt or other had let fall; he eat one part of it, and took the reſt, with a deſign to carry it to his hole: But in his way near a Village he ſpy'd ſeveral Hens that were Plump and Fat, which a Boy had always in his Eye. Theſe dainties ſet the Foxes Teeth a watering to that degree, that he left his raw Hide, which he was ſure of, to get one of theſe delicate Morſels. At the ſame Inſtant came a Wolf up to him, and ask'd him what he gaz'd after with ſo much earneſtneſs. Thoſe Hens that you ſee yonder, anſwer'd the Fox; I would fain have one of 'em for my ſecond Courſe. You loſe your time, reply'd the Wolf, they are guarded by ſo vigilant a Servant that 'tis impoſſible to get near 'em, without running a manifeſt Hazard. Content your ſelf with your piece of raw Hide, for fear you meet with the ſame hard Fortune that befel the Aſs, who looking after his Tail, loſt his Ears.

The Fable of the Aſs and the Gard'ner.

AN Aſs had loſt his Tail, which was a grievous Affliction to him; and as he was every where ſeeking after it, he paſs'd through a Meadow and a Garden. But the Gard'ner ſeeing him, and believing he came to dig up his Garden, fell into a violent rage, ran to the Aſs, and never ſtanding upon the Ceremony of a Pillory, cut off both his Ears. Thus the Aſs who bemoan'd the loſs of his Tail, was in a far greater Aſtoniſhment when he ſaw himſelf without Ears. Whoever he be, that takes not reaſon for his Guide, wanders about, and falls into Precipices.

The Fox, ſtill importun'd by his Extraordinary longing after a Tite-bit, what come you hither for, ſaid he to the Wolf, to trouble me with your Moral Fables? I will let you ſee, that he who has Courage, dares do any thing: And ſo ſaying, he advanc'd boldly toward the Hens, leaving his piece of raw Hide; and the Wolf finding that his Admonitions would do no good, went about his buſineſs. In the mean time the Fox crept ſoftly toward his feather'd Prey; but the Boy perceiving his Thieviſh and Bloody intention, threw a thumping Stone ſo luckily at him, that he hit him on the Foot. The poor Fox afraid leaſt the Boy ſhould reach his Pate next time, return'd with much more haſte then he came, reſolv'd to be contented with his piece of raw Hide. But, alas! that was gone too; for a Raven had carry'd it away; and then the Fox could have torn his own Fleſh for Madneſs

You

You ſee, Sir, purſu'd the Leopard, that your Majeſty ought never to deſpair, nor abandon the Government of your Dominions for the loſs of one Subject. The Lion for a while ſtood mute, but then recovering his Speech, You ſay very true, ſaid He, but I would revenge *Chotorbe's* Death, if I could find that he had been unjuſtly accus'd. Deſponding, Sir, is not the way to attain your End, reply'd the Leopard: You muſt carefully examin, whether the complaints that were brought you of his Miſcarriages were true or no. If he were Guilty he has been deſervedly Puniſh'd; if not the Accuſer is to feel your ſeverity. Then ſaid the Lion to the Leopard, I appoint thee my Conſtable in his place; do thou all thou canſt to find out the Truth.

Now in regard it was late, the Leopard took his leave of the Lion: But in his way to his Lodging, paſſing by *Kalila's* and *Damna's* Apartiment, he thought he heard 'em diſcourſing together. Now in regard he ſuſpected *Damna* to be no leſs wicked then indeed he was, his Curioſity led him to go near and liſten. *Kalila* upbraided her Husband with his Perfidiouſneſs, his Diſſimulation, and all the Artifices he had made uſe of to ruin *Chotorbe*. The Leopard, fully inform'd by her reproaches of *Damna's* Treaſons, went to the Lion's Mother, to whom he related what he had heard. She preſently haſting to her Son, you have good reaſon ſaid ſhe, to be afflicted for the loſs of *Chotorbe*; for he dy'd Innocent. What proof have you of his Innocence? demanded the Lion. Pardon me, anſwer'd the Mother, if I am not ſo haſty to reveal a Secret which may inflame your

your anger, and prejudice the Perſon that has entruſted me. But I beſeech you, liſten to this Fable.

The Fable of the Prince and his Squire.

THere was a Prince who was very Potent, Rich, and Juſt. One Day as he rode a Hunting, ſaid He to his Squire, I will run my Horſe againſt thine, that we may ſee which is the Swifteſt: I have a long time had a ſtrange deſire to make this Tryal. The Squire, in obedience to his Maſter, ſet Spurs to his Horſe and rode full ſpeed, and the King follow'd him. But when they were got a great diſtance from the Grandees and Nobles that accompany'd 'em, the King ſtopping his Horſe, ſaid He to his Squire, I had no other deſign in this, but to bring thee to a Place where we might be alone; for I have a ſecret to impart to thee, having found thee more faithful then any other of my Servants. I have a jealouſie that the Prince my Brother is framing ſome contrivance againſt my Perſon, and for that reaſon, I have made choice of thee to prevent him, but be diſcreet. The Squire ſwore he would be as true to him as his Skin, and ſo they ſtay'd till the Company overtook 'em, who were in great trouble for the King's Perſon. But the Squire, upon the firſt Opportunity he had to ſpeak with the King's Brother, diſclos'd to him the deſign that was Brewing to take away his Life: Which oblig'd the young Prince to thank him for his Information, and to promiſe him great Rewards. Some

Some few Days after the King dy'd, and his Brother ſucceded him: But then the firſt thing he did after he was advanc'd to the Throne, was to put the Squire to Death. The poor Wretch upbraided him with the Service he had done him: Is this the reward, ſaid He, which you promis'd me? Yes, anſwer'd the new King, whoever reveals the Secrets of his Prince, deſerves no leſs then Death: And ſince thou haſt committed ſo foul a Crime thou deſerv'ſt to Dye. Thou that betrayd'ſt a King who put his Confidence in thee, and who lov'd thee above all his Court, how is it poſſible for me to truſt thee in my Service? 'Twas in vain for the Squire to alledge any Reaſons in his own Juſtification, they would not be heard, nor could he eſcape the ſtroke of the Executioner, becauſe he could not keep a Secret.

You ſee by this Fable, Son, that Secrets are not to be Diſclos'd. But my dear Mother, anſwer'd the King, he that entruſted you with this Secret, deſires it ſhould be made known; ſeeing he is the firſt that makes the Diſcovery: For if he could not keep it himſelf, how could he deſire another to be ſo reſerv'd? If what you would ſay be true, and that you deſire I ſhould have a full knowledge of it, I deſire you to put me out of my pain. The Mother ſeeing her ſelf ſo hardly preſt; Then, ſaid She, I inform you of a Criminal unworthy of Pardon: For tho' it be the ſaying of wiſe Men, that a King ought to be Merciful, yet there are certain Crimes that never ought to be forgiv'n 'Tis *Damna* I mean, purſu'd the Matron Lioneſs, who by his falſe Inſinuations wrought *Chotorbe's* Fall: And having ſo ſaid,

ſhe

ſhe retir'd, leaving the Lion in a deep Amuſement. At length he ſummon'd an Aſſembly of the whole Court, at which *Damna* taking Umbrage, comes to one of the King's Favourites, and asks him if he knew the Reaſon of calling ſuch an Aſſembly? which the Lion's Mother over hearing, Yes, ſaid ſhe, 'tis to pronounce thy Death: for thy Artifices and jugling Politicks are diſcover'd. Madam, anſwer'd *Damna*, they who render themſelves worthy of Eſteem and Honour at Court by their Virtues, never fail of Enemies. Oh! that Men, added he, would act no otherwiſe then God! For he gives to every one according to his Deſert; but Men on the other ſide frequently puniſh thoſe who are worthy of Reward, and as often cheriſh thoſe that deſerve their Indignation. How much was I too blame to quit my Solitude, meerly to conſecrate my life to the King's Service. Whoever, diſſatiſfy'd with what he has, prefers the ſervice of Men, before his Duty to God, ſhall early or late repent in vain; as may be ſeen by the enſuing Fable.

The Fable of a Hermite who quitted the Deſart to live at Court.

A Certain Hermite, who had renounc'd the Pleaſures of the World, led a very auſtere life in a Wilderneſs. His Virtue in a ſmall time made ſuch a Noiſe in the World, that an infinite Number flockt every Day to viſit him; ſome out of Curioſity, others to conſult him upon ſeveral Matters. The King of the Country, who was very devout, and who lov'd Men of worth, no ſooner underſtood that there was in his Kingdom a Perſon of ſo much Virtue, but he rode to ſee him. He made him a Noble Preſent, and deſir'd that he might hear ſome of his Profitable Exhortations. The Hermite, to ſatisfie the King, Sir, ſaid he, God has two Habitations, the one Periſhable, which is the World; the other Eternal, which is Paradiſe. 'Tis not for your Majeſty therefore, as Generous as you are, to dote upon the Felicities of the Earth, you ought to aſpire to thoſe Eternal Treaſures, the meaneſt part of which is of a Nobler Value then all the Principalities of the World: Try then, Sir, to attain the Poſſeſſion of thoſe Eternal Bleſſings. By what Aſſiduities may they be acquir'd? demanded the King. By relieving the Poor, anſwer'd the Hermite, and ſuccouring the Diſtreſſed. All Princes that deſire to enjoy Eternal Repoſe, muſt labour to give Temporal Tranquility to their Subjects.

The King was ſo taken with this Diſcourſe, that he reſolv'd to ſpend ſome Hours with this

good

good Hermite every Day. Among the reſt, one Day that the King and the Hermite were together in the Hermitage, they ſaw a confuſed Multitude of People thronging toward 'em, and rending the Air with the loud Crys of *Juſtice, Juſtice.* The Hermite bid 'em draw near, Examin'd 'em, and having underſtood their Differences, made a quick Accommodation between 'em, without any trouble. The King, upon this, admiring the Hermites Prudence and Diſpatch, deſir'd him to be preſent ſomtimes in his Councils, which the Hermite promis'd the King, believing he might be Beneficial to the Poor. In ſhort, he was frequently in thoſe Aſſemblies, and the King pronounc'd his Decrees according to his Judgment; in ſo much that at length he became ſo neceſſary, that nothing was done in the Kingdom without his Advice.

The Hermite thus finding that Men made their Addreſſes to him, began to have a good Opinion of himſelf, and took upon him the Rank and Quality of Chief Miniſter. To which end he provided himſelf with a Rich Livery and a Numerous Train. He forgot his Auſterities, his Penances, and his Prayers, and looking upon himſelf as one that could not be miſs'd in the Government, he took great care of his own Perſon. He lay ſoft, and fed upon the moſt Exquiſite Dainties. The King alſo, who was otherwiſe very well ſatisfy'd with the Hermite, let him do as he pleas'd, and diſcharg'd upon his Shoulders the whole Burthen of the Kingdom's Cares.

One Day, another Hermite, a Friend to him that liv'd at Court, coming to viſit his Brother, with

with whom he had frequently ſpent whole Nights in Prayer, whole Days in Faſting and Penitence, was aſtoniſh'd to ſee him environ'd with a great Number of Servants. Nevertheleſs reſerving his Patience, till Night had lockt up all the Court in dark Retirement; when all was huſht, accoſting the Courtier-Hermite, Oh, my dear Friend, ſaid he, in what a Condition do I find you? What ſtrange Alteration is this? The Court-Hermite would fain have Excus'd himſelf, by ſaying that he was conſtrain'd to keep ſo great a Train. But his Brother, who was a Perſon of Wit and Judgment, theſe Excuſes ſaid he, are the Dictates of Senſuality. I ſee that Wealth and Preferments have enchanted your Devotion. What Demon has put you out of conceit with our Praying Life? and why, forgeting the Duties of a retir'd Life; do you prefer noiſe before ſilence, and tumult before Eaſe? Think not, anſwer d the Court-Hermite, that the Buſineſs of the Court is any hindrance to me from continuing my Pious Exerciſes. You deceive your ſelf, reply'd the Hermite, to think that your Prayers can be heard while you ſerve the World, as they were when Holy and Heavenly Duties took up all your time. Take my advice, and break theſe Chains of Gold that bind you to the Court; and return to your Deſart, otherwiſe you will meet with the Cruel Deſtiny of the blind Man, who deſpis'd the Counſel of his Friend.

The Fable of a Blind Man, who Travelled with one of his Friends.

THere were two Men that Travell'd together; one of which which was ſtark Blind. Theſe two Companions being ſurpriz'd by Night upon the Road enter'd into a Meadow, there to reſt themſelves till break of Day. So ſoon as Day appear'd, they roſe, got a Horſeback, and continu'd their Journey. Now the blind Man inſtead of his Whip, had pick'd up a Serpent that was ſtiff with Cold: but having it in his hand he felt it ſomwhat ſofter then his Whip, which pleas'd him very much, becauſe he thought he had gain'd by the Change, and therefore he never minded the loſs of his real Whip. But when the Sun began to appear and illuminate the World, his Companion perceiv'd the Serpent, and with loud Cries, Friend, ſaid he, You have taken up a Serpent, inſtead of your Whip, throw it out of your hand, before you feel the Mortal Careſſes of the Venomous Animal. But the blind Man, no leſs blind in his Intellects then his Body, believing that his Friend had only jeſted with him to get away his Whip, What! ſaid he, d'you envy my good Luck? I loſt my Whip that was worth nothing, and here my kind Fortune has ſent me a new one. Pray don't take me for ſuch a Changeling, but that I can diſtinguiſh a Serpent from a Whip. With that, his Friend not able to forbear Laughing, Companion, ſaid he, I am oblig'd by the Laws of Friendſhip and Humanity to inform you of your Danger:

ger: And therefore if you love your Life, throw away the Serpent. To which, the blind Man, more exaſperated then perſuaded, why d'you preſs me thus to throw away a thing which you intend to pick up your ſelf? His Companion, to underceive him, ſwore he had no ſuch deſign, and proteſted to him that what he held in his hand was a Serpent. But neither Oaths nor Proteſtations would ſerve, the blind Man would not alter his Reſolution. In the mean time the Sun began to grow high, and his Beams having warm'd the Serpent by degrees, he begun to wind himſelf about the blind Man's Arm, which he bit in ſuch a Venomous manner, that he gave him his Deaths wound.

This Example teaches us, that we ought to diſtruſt our Senſes and that it is a difficult task to Maſter 'em, when we are in poſſeſſion of the thing that flatters our fancy.

This judicious Admonition awak'd the Court-Hermite from his pleaſing Dream: He open'd his Eyes, and ſurvey'd the Hazards that he ran at Court; and bewailing the time which he had vainly ſpent in the ſervice of the World, he paſt the Night in Sighs and Tears. But the Day being come, the new Honours that were done him, deſtroy'd all his Repentance: He began to thruſt himſelf into all manner of Buſineſs, and became unjuſt, like the People of the World. One Day he Condemn'd to Death a Perſon who according to the Laws and Cuſtoms of the Country, ought not to have ſuffer'd Capital Puniſhment: After the Execution of the Sentence, his Conſcience teaz'd him with Reproaches that troubl'd his Repoſe for ſome time, and at length the Heirs of the

Perſon

Perſon whom he had unjuſtly Condemn'd, obtain'd leave of the King to inform againſt the Hermite, whom they accus'd of Injuſtice and Oppreſſion. And the Council, after mature debate upon the Informations, order'd that the Hermit ſhould ſuffer the ſame puniſhment which he had inflicted upon the Perſon deceas'd. The Hermite made uſe of all his Credit and his Riches to ſave his Life. But the Decree of the Council was Executed.

I muſt confeſs, ſaid *Damna*, that according to this Example, I ought to have been puniſh'd for having quitted my Solitude to ſerve the King.

Damna here giving over ſpeaking, his Eloquence was admir'd by all the Court. As for the Lion, he held down his Head, turmoil'd with ſo many various Thoughts, that he knew not what to reſolve, nor what anſwer to give *Damna*. But while the Lion was in this Dilemma, and that all the Courtiers kept ſilence, a certain Creature call'd *Siagouſch*, who was one of the moſt faithful Servants the King had, ſtept forward, and ſpoke to this Effect.

All the Reproaches which thou throw'ſt upon thoſe that ſerve the King, turn only to thy ſhame. For beſide, that it does no way belong to thee to propound this Queſtion, know, that an Hour of Service done the King, is worth a hundred Years of Prayers. How many Perſons of Merit have we ſeen, that have quit their little Cells to go to Court, where ſerving Princes, they have eas'd the People, and ſecur'd 'em from Tyrannical Oppreſſions? The Fable which I am going to tell you, may ſerve for a full proof of what I ſay.

The Fable of a religious Doctor and a Derwiche.

THere liv'd in a City of *Perſia*, an ancient religious Doctor, who had the Reputation throughout the Kingdom, of being a very learned and vertuous Man. He was call'd *Rouchan Zamir*, that is to ſay, *Clear Conſcience*. One day a Derwiche puſh'd on by the Motions of an extraordinary Devotion, parted from *Mauralnachos*, which is the Name of a Province of *Tartary*, to viſit this religious Doctor above mention'd, and to conſult him upon ſome difficult Queſtions. After much pains and time he arriv'd at the Monaſtery, but the Doctor was not within, only his Companion was there, who obſerving that the Derwiche was weary and tyr'd, deſir'd him to reſt himſelf; adding withall theſe words, This is the Hour that my Companion uſually returns from Court, whither he goes every Day. But when the Derwiche heard that the religious Doctor, *Clear Conſcience*, intermedl'd with State Affairs, Oh! cry'd he, how ſorry I am to have come ſo far and loſe my time, for there is nothing to be got from a Man that frequents the Court. After this Diſcourſe, he departed from the Convent, conceiving an ill Opinion of the religious Doctor. Now the Captain of the Watch was ſearching about that Day for a notorious Robber, who had made his Eſcape the Night before; and the King had threaten'd to put him to Death if he did not find him again. The Captain meeting the Derwiche, ſeiz'd him

inſtead of the hainous Offender whom he ſought for, and without examining him, carri'd him immediately to Execution. 'Twas in vain for the Derwiche to ſwear himſelf an honeſt Man, his Tale would not be heard; and already the Hang-man had his Knife ready to chop off his Hand, when the religious Doctor returning from Court ſaw the Derwiche in the Hands of the Executioner. Preſently the Doctor order'd him to be unty'd, affirming him to be one of his Brethren, and that it was impoſſible he ſhould have committed the Crime for which he was accus'd. Immediately the Executioner came to kiſs the Doctor's Hand, and unbound the Derwiche, who accompany'd the Doctor to his Convent. By the way, ſaid the Doctor to the Derwiche, be not ſurpriz'd, that I ſpend the greateſt part of my time at Court: I live not after this manner but only to deliver from Death the Innocent, ſuch as you are. Then the Derwiche acknowledging that he had made a raſh Judgment, told the Doctor, that from that time forward, he would never blame thoſe that went to Court for the Glory of God.

By this Example, added *Siagouſch*, we ſee that the greateſt obſervers of the Law are not always baniſht from the Court. And thou, ſaid he to *Damna*, com'ſt here to make ridiculous Compariſons. Tis very true, reply'd *Damna*, that ſometimes moſt vertuous Men do live at Court; but 'tis after they have implor'd the ſuccour of Heaven; becauſe they know full well, that unleſs Heaven particularly protect 'em, they muſt of neceſſity ruin themſelves. Beſides they never come to Court, till they have abſolutely laid aſide

aſide all private Intereſt, which is the moſt dangerous Rock that they can ſplit againſt. I muſt confeſs, that with a Mind ſo free from Intereſt, a Man may imbrace all ſorts of Conditions. But we that are not endow'd with ſuch a ſublime Vertue, how ſhall we exerciſe an Employment ſo dangerous, unleſs we ſerve juſt and penetrating Princes, who, being able to diſtinguiſh faithful from wicked Servants, reward and puniſh 'em according to the Rules of Juſtice.

Then the Mother of the Lyon taking her turn, You ſpeak againſt your ſelf, ſaid ſhe to *Damna*, ſince this Aſſembly ſits not here but only to upbraid ye for your Perfidie, and for deſtroying one of the King's moſt faithful Subjects. Madam, reply'd *Damna*, his Majeſty is not ignorant, no more then this Aſſembly, that there never was any Quarrel or Diſpute between the Ox and me. On the other ſide, all the World knows, that he was beholding to me for the Preferment and Dignities to which the King's Favour had advanc'd him. 'Tis true, that I inform'd his Majeſty of an Attempt that was forming againſt his Perſon; however, I ſaid nothing but what I heard with my Ears and ſaw with my own Eyes. I acted without Paſſion or Intereſt: For what Advantage could I reap by *Chotorbe*'s Death? The Favours which I have receiv'd from the King my Maſter, and the Duty I owe him, would they permit me to conceal from him ſuch a piece of Treaſon? And as for thoſe that now accuſe me, they are only ſuch as fear me; and they ſeek my Life, to the end I ſhould not diſcover their Enterpriſes.

Theſe Words *Damna* pronounc'd with ſuch a conſtancy and preſence of Mind, that the Lyon, not knowing what to reſolve, We muſt refer this Cauſe, ſaid he, to a ſelect number of Judges; becauſe it is my Pleaſure that this Cauſe be well examin'd. Moſt juſtly ordain'd, cry'd *Damna*, for that they who judge with Precipitation, judge amiſs. Nothing is to be decided without having a perfect knowledge of the Cauſe, for fear of being deluded as the Woman was, whoſe Adventure I am going to tell your Lordſhips.

The Fable of the Female Coquette and the Painter.

A Merchant of the City of *Cachemir* had a very beautiful Wife, who lov'd and was belov'd by a Painter who excell'd in his Art. Theſe two Lovers neglected no Opportunity to be in each others Company. One day, ſaid the Miſtreſs to her Gallant, I find that when you have a deſire to ſpeak to me, you are conſtrain'd to make a great many troubleſome Signs, as counterfeiting your Voice, throwing Stones, Whiſtling, Spitting, and the like; but I would ſpare you all this pains. Cannot you think of ſome Invention that may ſerve us for a Signal. Yes, yes, reply'd the Painter, I will paint two Vails, the whiteneſs of one of which ſhall ſurpaſs the brightneſs of a Star that appears in the Water, and the blackneſs of the other ſhall outvie the Locks of a Moor.

Moor. When you ſee me come forth with theſe Vails, you ſhall know what they ſignifie. The Painter's Prentice, who was no leſs in love with the Woman, then his Maſter, being in the next Room heard this Agreement between the two Lovers, which pleas'd him extremely; becauſe he reſolv'd to make his advantage of it. In ſhort, one Day that his Maſter was gone to draw ſome Lady's Picture in the City, he took the Vail of Aſſignation, and walk'd before the Houſe of the Merchant's Wife, who ſtood watching at the Window. She no ſooner perceiv'd him, but without conſidering either the Prentice's Countenance, or his Gate, ſhe came down and admitted his Careſſes as ſhe was wont to do the Painter's. The Prentice, when he had ſatisfi'd his Paſſion, return'd home and put the Vail where he had it. At the ſame time, the Painter being come back, had a provocation to ſee his Miſtreſs, who very much wonder'd to ſee the Vail again ſo ſoon, but ran to meet her Joy, and imprudently ask'd him the reaſon of his ſo quick return. The Painter, then ſmelling a Rat, ſaid not a word, but flung from her in a Paſſion, flew to his Prentice, and made him pay dear for the Pleaſure he had taſted. And then reflecting upon the eaſie condeſcention of the Merchant's Wife to ſatisfie the Deſires of his Man, brake off all familiarity with her. Now if the Woman had not yielded ſo readily to the extaſies of the Prentice, ſhe had not loſt ſo paſſionate, tho' criminal a Lover.

The Lyon's Mother obſerving that her Son gave ear to *Damna* with delight, was afraid leaſt the ſubtle Fox ſhould by his Eloquence put

a ſtop to the Courſe of Juſtice. Son, therefore, ſaid ſhe to the Lyon, my Mind gives me, that you believe *Damna* Innocent, and that you look upon as falſe Accuſers all thoſe that have teſtifyd againſt him. I never thought, continu'd ſhe, that a King, who is lookt upon to be the moſt Juſt of Princes, could ſuffer himſelf to be ſeduced by the fair Words and glozing Inſinuations of a Capital Offender, who endeavours to eſcape the rigour of the Law: And ſo ſaying, ſhe roſe up in a great Paſſion, and retir'd to her own Apartment. The Lyon therefore, to pacifie his Mother, or rather begining to believe *Damna* Guilty, order'd him to be Committed.

When the Room was clear, his Mother return'd, and addreſſing her ſelf to her Son, I know not, ſaid ſhe, how a Perſon of ſo much Underſtanding came to ſuffer himſelf to be tempted to ſo great a Crime. 'Twas Envy certainly, anſwer'd the King, which made him commit ſo foul a piece of Treachery. Envy, purſu'd he, is a Vice that keeps the Mind in a perpetual Motion, and torments it with continual Diſquiet. There are alſo ſome envious Perſons who bear a Grudge, even to thoſe that do 'em good. As you will find by the following Example.

The Fable of three envious Perſons that found Money.

THree Men travelled together: Said the eldeſt to the reſt, pray be pleas'd to tell me, why you leave your Houſes to wander in Foreign Countries. I have quitted my native Soil, anſwer'd one, becauſe I could not endure the ſight of ſome Perſons whom I hated worſe then Death: And this proceeds from a jealous Humour, that cannot endure to ſee another happy. The ſame Diſtemper, ſaid the third, torments my Breaſt, and ſends me a rambling about the World. Then we are all three, reply'd the eldeſt, troubl'd with the ſame Diſeaſe. Now theſe Men being of the ſame Humour, immediately clos'd in a Union together. One day as they travell'd through a Valley, they ſpy'd a round Bag of Money, which ſome Traveller had dropt in the Road. Preſently they alighted all three, and cry'd one to another, let us ſhare this Money, and return home again where we may be merry and injoy our ſelves. But this they only ſaid from the Teeth outward; for every one being unwilling that his Companion ſhould have the leaſt Benefit, they were every one at a ſtand, whether it were not beſt to go on without medling with the Bag, to the end the reſt might do the ſame: and they ſtopt a whole Day and Night in the ſame place to conſider what they ſhould do. Two days after the King of the Country riding a Hunting with all his Court, the Chaſe led him into this Valley. He rode up to the three

Men, and ask'd 'em what they did with the Money that lay on the Ground; and being thus ſurpriz'd, they could not avoid telling the Truth. Sir, ſaid they, we are all three turmoil'd with the ſame Paſſion, which is Envy. This Paſſion has forc'd us to quit our Country, and keeps us company wherever we go. You would do a very great act of Charity, if you could cure us of this Paſſion. Well, ſaid the King, 'tis requiſite, that every one of you ſhould tell me to what degree his Paſſion prevails over him, to the end I may apply a Remedy if it lye in my Power. My Envy, ſaid the one, has got ſuch head, that I cannot endure to do good to any Man living. You are an honeſt Man in compariſon of me, cry'd the ſecond; for I am ſo far from doing good to another my ſelf, that I mortally hate, that any body elſe ſhould do another Man good. Said the third, you neither of you poſſeſs the quality of Envy in ſo eminent a degree as I do. For I cannot only endure to oblige, nor to ſee any other perſon oblig'd, but I hate that any body ſhould do my ſelf a Kindneſs. The King was ſo aſtoniſh'd to hear 'em talk at that rate, that he knew not what to anſwer. At length, after he had ſtudy'd a long time, You deſerve not, ſaid he, that I ſhould let you have the Money, and at the ſame time commanded the Bag to be taken from 'em, and condemn'd 'em to the Puniſhments which they had incur'd. He that could not endure to do good, was ſent into the Deſart, bareſoot and without Proviſion. He that could not endure to ſee good done to another, had his Head chopt off; becauſe he was unworthy to live, as being one that lov'd nothing but

but Miſchief. And laſtly, as for him that could not endure any good to be done to himſelf, his Life was ſpar'd; in regard his torment was only a torment to himſelf, and he was put into a quarter of the Kingdom, where the People were the beſt natur'd, and the moſt addicted to the performance of good Deeds and charitable Actions. Which became ſuch torment to his Soul, that he dy'd ſoon after.

Thus, continu'd the Lyon, you ſee what Envy is. Therefore, ſaid the Mother, ſo much the rather ought *Damna* to be put to Death, ſince he is attainted of ſo dangerous a Vice. That is the thing I am not well aſſur'd of yet, reply'd the Lyon, which I am reſolv'd to be, before he be Condemn'd.

After *Damna* was committed to Priſon, his Wife *Kalila*, mov'd with Compaſſion, went to ſee him, and read him this Curtain Lecture. Did I not tell ye, ſaid ſhe, that it behov'd ye to take a care of going on with the execution of your Enterpriſe? for People of Judgment and Diſcretion never begin a Buſineſs till they have warily conſider'd what will be the Iſſue of it. A Tree is never to be planted before we know what Fruit it will produce. While *Kalila* was thus *Jobing Damna*, there was in the Priſon a Bear, of whom they were not aware, and who having overheard 'em, reſolv'd to make uſe of what his Ears had furniſh'd him withal, as occaſion ſhould direct him.

The next Day, betimes in the Morning, the Council met again, where after every one had taken their Place, the Mother of the Lyon thus began. We ought no more to delay the Puniſhment of a capital Offender, then the

Condemnation of the Innocent is to be carried on with Precipitation: And a King that forbears the Puniſhment of a Caitiff, ſins no leſs then if he had been a Confederate with him. The Lyon finding that his Mother ſpoke nothing but Reaſon, commanded that *Damna* ſhould be brought to his Tryal. Then the Cheif Juſtice riſing from his Seat, deſir'd his Aſſiſtants to give their Opinion in this Matter; ſaying withal, that it would produce three great Advantages. Firſt, That Truth would be found out, and Juſtice done. Secondly, That wicked Men and Traytors would be puniſh'd according to the Will of God. And Thirdly, That the Kingdom would be cleard of Knaves and Impoſters, who, by their Artifices, troubl'd the Repoſe of it. But in regard that no body knew the depth of the Buſineſs, no body durſt open their Mouths to ſpeak; which gave *Damna* an occaſion to defend himſelf with ſo much the more Confidence and Audacitie. Sir, ſaid he, had I committed the Crime of of which I ſtand accus'd, I might draw ſome Advantage from the general Silence: But I find my ſelf ſo Innocent, that I wait with indifferency the end of this Aſſembly. Nevertheleſs, I muſt needs ſay this by the way, That ſeeing no body has been pleas'd to deliver his Sentiments upon this Affair, 'tis a certain Sign that they believe me Innocent. Let me not be blam'd for ſpeaking in my own Juſtification: I am to be excus'd in that, ſince it is lawful for every Man to defend himſelf. Therefore, ſaid he, purſuing his Diſcourſe, I beſeech all this Illuſtrious Company to ſay in the King's Preſence, whatever they know concerning me; but

but let 'em have a care of affirming any thing but what is true, leſt they find themſelves involv'd in what befel the ignorant Phyſician.

The Fable of the ignorant Phyſician.

THere was a Man who was altogether void of Knowledge and Experience, yet call'd himſelf a Phyſician. However he was ſo Ignorant, that he knew not the Cholick from the Dropſie, nor could he diſtinguiſh Rhubarb from Bezoar. He never viſited a Patient twice, for his firſt coming kill'd him. On the other ſide, there was in the ſame Province another Phyſician of that Learning and Ability, that he cur'd the moſt deſperate Diſeaſes by the vertue of many Simples, of which he had a perfect knowledge. Now this learned Man became blind, and not being able to viſit his Patients, he retir'd into a Deſart, there to live at his Eaſe. The ignorant Phyſician no ſooner underſtood that the only Man he lookt upon with an envious Eye was retir'd out of the way, but he began to diſplay his Ignorance, while he endeavour'd to manifeſt his Knowledge. One Day the King of the Country's Daughter fell ſick: Upon which the knowing Phyſician was ſent for, becauſe, that beſides that he had already ſerv'd the Court, People were convinc'd that he was much more able then he that went about to ſet himſelf up. The learned Phyſician being in the Princeſs's Chamber, and underſtanding the nature of her Diſeaſe, order'd

her

her to take a certain Pill compos'd of ſuch Ingredients as he preſcrib'd. Preſently they ask'd him where ſuch and ſuch Drugs were to be had. Formerly, anſwer'd the Phyſician, I have ſeen them in ſuch and ſuch Boxes in the King's Treaſurie, but what Confuſion there might have been ſince among thoſe Boxes he knew not. Upon that the ignorant Phyſician pretended that he knew the Drugs very well, and that he alſo knew how to make uſe of 'em. Go then, ſaid the King, to my Treaſurie, and take what is requiſite. Away went the ignorant Phyſician, and fell a ſearching for the Box; but becauſe many of the Boxes were alike, and for that he knew not the Drugs when he ſaw 'em, he rather choſe, in the puzzle of his Judgment, to take a Box at a venture, then to acknowledge his ſtupidity. But he never conſider'd, that they who meddle with what they underſtand not, are generally conſtrain'd to an early or late Repentance. For in the Box which he had pick'd out, there was a moſt exquiſite Poyſon, of which he made his Pills, and which he caus'd the Princeſs to take, who dy'd immediately after: So that the King commanded the ignorant Phyſician to be apprehended, and condemn'd him to Death.

This Example, purſued *Damna*, teaches us, that no Man ought to ſay or do a thing which he underſtands not. However, a Man may perceive by your Phyſiognomie, ſaid one of the Aſſiſtants, interrupting him, that you are a ſly Companion, one that can talk better then you can act, and therefore,

fore, that there is little heed to be given to what you ſay. Then the Judge ask'd him that ſpoke laſt, what Proof he could produce of the certainty of what he averr'd. Phyſiognomiſts, anſwer'd he, obſerve, that they who have their Eyebrows parted, the left Eye blear'd, and bigger then the right, the Noſe turn'd toward the left ſide, and who counterfeiting your Hypocrites, caſt their Eyes always toward the Ground, are generally Traytors and Sycophants: And therefore *Damna* having all theſe Marks, I thought I might ſafely give that Character of him which I have done, without any Injury to Truth. Your Art may fail you, reply'd *Damna*, for 'tis God who forms us as he pleaſes, and gives us ſuch a Phyſiognomy as he thinks fitting. If what you ſay were true, and that every Man carry'd written in his Forehead what he had in his Heart, whereby the Wicked might certainly be diſtinguiſh'd from the Righteous, there would be no need of Judges and Witneſſes to determin the Diſputes and Differences that ariſe in civil Society. In like manner it would be unjuſt to put ſome to their Oaths, others to the Rack to diſcover the Truth, becauſe it might be evidently ſeen. Moreover, if the Marks you have mention'd impos'd a neceſſity upon thoſe that bear 'em, would it not be palpable Injuſtice to puniſh the Wicked, ſince they are not free in their own Actions? We muſt then conclude, according to this Maxime, that if I were the cauſe of *Chotorb*'s Death, I am not to be puniſh'd for it, ſince I am not Maſter of my Actions, but was forc'd to it by the Marks which I bear. You ſee then by

by this way of arguing, that your Inferences are falſe. *Damna* having thus ſtopt the Aſſiſtant's Mouth, no body durſt adventure to ſay any thing more; which forc'd the Judge to ſend him back to Priſon; and in the mean time the Court made their Report to the King of what had paſs'd.

Damna being ſtill in Priſon, was about to have ſent a Meſſenger to *Kalila* to come to him; but a Fox that was in the Room by accident, ſpar'd him that labour, by informing him of *Kalilah's* Death, who dy'd the Day before for Grief to ſee her Husband entangled in ſuch an unfortunate Nooſe.

The News of *Kalilah's* Death touch'd *Damna* ſo nearly to the Quick, that like one who car'd not to live any longer, he ſeem'd to be altogether comfortleſs. Upon which, the Fox endeavour'd to chear him up, by telling him, that if he had loſt a dear and loving Wife, he had found in him a faithful Friend. Thereupon *Damna* knowing he had no Friend left that he could truſt, and for that the Fox ſo frankly proffer'd him his Service, accepted his Kindneſs. I beſeech you, ſaid *Damna*, go to the Court, and give me a faithful account of what People ſay of me: 'Tis the firſt proof of your Friendſhip which I deſire of you.

Moſt willingly, anſwer'd the Fox; and ſo taking his leave he went to the Court, to ſee what Obſervations he could make.

The next Day, by break of day, the Lyon's Mother went to her Son, and ask'd him what he had done with *Damna*? He is ſtill in Priſon, anſwer'd the King. What a Racket is here, reply'd the Mother, to condemn a raſ-

raſcally Fellow! and by my Troth, I'm afraid, when all's done, he'll eſcape your ſimple Heads by his Dexterity and Cunning. If you pleaſe to be preſent, anſwer'd the King, you ſhall ſee what will be reſolv'd upon. Which ſaid, he order'd *Damna* to be ſent for, that the Buſineſs might be brought to a concluſion. The King's Orders were obey'd, and the Priſoner brought to the Bar, the Chief Juſtice put the ſame Queſtion as the Day before, whether any body had any thing to ſay againſt *Damna*. But no body ſaid a word, which *Damna* obſerving, I ſee, ſaid he, that there is no body very forward to bear falſe Witneſs, for fear of expoſing himſelf to the Puniſhment which the Faulconer incurr'd, for having given a falſe Teſtimony.

The Fable of the vertuous Woman and the young Faulconer.

A Very honeſt Citizen had a Wife no leſs modeſt then beautiful. Among the reſt of his Servants he had a young Lad that was very vicious, but he could not find in his heart to put him away, becauſe he was a good Faulconer. Now in regard it is the Cuſtom of the Eaſtern People to keep their Women very private, this Lad for a long time had never ſeen his Miſtreſs. But having view'd her one Day by accident, he became paſſionately in love with her. He courted her by the means of a Female Solicitrix; but both he and ſhe loſt all their labour, becauſe he had to do with a vertuous Woman. At length, deſpairing to proſper in his Amours, he chang'd his Love into Hatred, and meditated a moſt bloody Revenge. To which effect, he went and bought two Parrots: One of which he taught to pronounce theſe Words, *I ſaw my Miſtreſs a bed with the Faulconer.* And the other, *For my part, I ſay nothing.* In a little time after, the Citizen having invited certain of his Friends to a great Feaſt, when every body was ſeated at the Table, theſe Parrots began to repeat their Leſſon. Now you muſt underſtand that the Faulconer had taught theſe Parrots to ſpeak theſe words in his own Country Language. Which becauſe the Maſter, Miſtreſs, nor any of the Servants underſtood, no body minded what they ſaid. But the Gueſts, who happen'd to be

be the Faulconer's Country-men, no ſooner heard the Parrots, but they forbore Eating. The Citizen aſtoniſh'd, ask'd 'em the reaſon. Do ye not underſtand, anſwer'd the Gueſts, what theſe Birds ſay? No— reply'd the Citizen. Why, they ſay, ſaid the Gueſt that ſpoke firſt, they ſay that your Faulconer has made you a Cuckold. The Citizen had bin ſo ſurpriz'd at theſe words, that he begg'd pardon of his Friends for having invited 'em to a place where ſo much uncleanneſs had been committed. The Faulconer alſo, the more to exaſperate his Maſter againſt his Wife, confeſs'd the Fact, and ſaid 'twas true. Which put the Citizen into ſo great a Rage, that he order'd his Wife to be put to Death.

But when they that were order'd to execute her Husband's Command came to her, ſhe told 'em, that ſhe was ready to ſuffer the Puniſhment which he thought fit to inflict upon her; however, ſhe could have wiſh'd he would have heard her firſt; for that if her Innocence ſhould afterwards come to be known, his Repentance would be too late. This being reported to her Husband, he ſent for her into a little Cloſet, whither he order'd her to come veil'd, and bid her juſtify her ſelf, if ſhe could. For the Parrots, ſaid he, are no rational Creatures, and therefore cannot be accus'd either of Impoſture or Bribery: How then will you juſtifie your ſelf?

You are bound, anſwer'd the Woman, to be well aſſur'd of the truth before you condemn me. Ask thoſe Gentlemen then, whether they obſerve any variety of Relation in the Parrot's Speech, or whether they only repeat the

the ſame thing over and over again. If they only repeat the ſame thing, be convinc'd that it is only a Device made uſe of by your Servant, to provoke your underſerved anger againſt me, becauſe he could not obtain thoſe Favours from me which he deſir'd.

The Citizen judging by her prudent Advice that the Woman might not be guilty, went to his Gueſts, carry'd 'em the Parrots, and deſir'd 'em diligently to obſerve for two or three Days, whether the Birds ſpoke any thing elſe beſides what they had heard: Which the Gueſts accordingly did. In ſhort they found that the Parrots were always in the ſame Leſſon; of which they inform'd the Citizen, who then acknowledg'd the innocence of his Wife, and was ſenſible of the Malice of his Servant, whom he ſent for. The Faulconer inſtantly appear'd with his Hawk upon his Fiſt; to whom the Woman, Villain, ſaid ſhe, how didſt thou dare to accuſe me of ſo foul a Crime? Becauſe you were guilty, anſwer'd the Servant. But he had no ſooner utter'd the Words, when the Hawk upon his Fiſt flew in his Face and tore out his Eyes. This was the Fruit of his inſolence, and ſlanderous Malice.

This Example, ſaid *Damna*, purſuing his Diſcourſe, inſtructs us, how hainous a thing it is to bear falſe Witneſs: For it always turns to our Shame and Confuſion. After *Damna* had done ſpeaking, the Lion looking upon his Mother, ask'd her Opinion. I find, anſwer'd ſhe, that you have a kindneſs for this wicked Varlet, who will cauſe nothing

but

but Faction and Diſorder in your Court, if you have not a great Care. I beſeech you, reply'd the Lion, to tell me who has ſo ſtrongly prepoſſeſs'd you againſt *Damna*. 'Tis but too true, reply'd the Queen Mother, that he has committed the Crime that is lay'd to his Charge, but I ſhall not diſcover the Perſon who entruſted me with this Secret. However I will go to him, and ask him whether he will be willing that I ſhould bring him in for a Witneſs: And ſo ſaying, ſhe went home immediately and ſent for the Leopard.

When he was come, go, ſaid ſhe at my requeſt, and boldly declare what thou knowſt concerning *Damna*. Madam anſwer'd the Leopard, you know that I am ready to ſacrifice my Life to your Majeſties Commands, diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe. With that ſhe carry'd the Leopard to the King, to whom, Sir, ſaid ſhe, here is an undeniable Witneſs which I have to produce againſt *Damna*. Then the Lion addreſſing himſelf to the Leopard, ask'd him what proofs he had of the Delinquents Treaſon. Sir, anſwer'd the Leopard, I was willing to conceal this Truth on purpoſe for ſometime, to ſee what reaſons he would bring to juſtifie himſelf. Then the Leopard made a long recital of what had paſt between *Kalila* and her Husband. Which depoſition being made in the hearing of ſeveral Beaſts, was ſoon divulg'd far and near, and then confirm'd by a ſecond Teſtimony, which was the Bear, of whom I made mention before. After this the Delinquent was ask'd what he had to ſay for himſelf: But then he had not a Word more to ſay: Which

at length determin'd the Lion to pronounce Sentence, that *Damna*, as a Traytour, ſhould be ſhut up between four Walls, and there ſtarv'd to Death.

Theſe two Chapters are leſſons to Deceivers and Sycophants, that they ought to reform their Manners: And I think I have ſufficiently made it out, that Slanderers and Backbiters for the moſt part, come to an unfortunate End; beſides, that they render themſelves Odious to all human Society. He that plants Thorns, muſt never expect to gather Roſes.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How we ought to make choice of Friends, and what advantage may be reap'd from their Converſation.

YOU have told me, ſaid the King, the Story of a Knave, who under the falſe appearances of Friendſhip, occaſion'd the Death of an innocent Perſon: Now I deſire you to tell me what Benefit may be made of Friends in civil Life. Your Majeſty, anſwer'd the *Bramin*, ought to know, that honeſt Men eſteem and value nothing ſo much in this World, as a real Friend. Becauſe he is as it were another ſelf, to whom we impart our moſt ſecret Thoughts, who partakes of our Joy, and comforts us in our Affliction: Add to this that his Company is an extraordinary Pleaſure to us. The Fable which I am going to relate, will give you a more clear Idea of the ſweets of Reciprocal Friendſhip.

The Fable of the Raven, the Rat, the Pigeon, the Tortoiſe, and the Goat.

NEar adjoyning to *Caſchmir*, there was a moſt delightful Place, and in regard it was full of Wild-fowl, it was much frequented by Fowlers. A Raven eſpy'd at the foot of a Tree, on the top of which he had built his Neſt, a certain Fowler with a Net in his hand: The poor Raven was afraid at firſt, imagining it was himſelf that the Fowler aim'd at. But his fears ceas'd, when he obſerv'd the Motions of the Perſon, who after he had ſpread his Net upon the Ground, and ſcatter'd ſome Corn about it to allure the Birds, went and hid himſelf behind a Hedge, where he was no ſooner laid down, but a flock of Pigeons, threw themſelves upon the Corn, without hearkning to their Chieftain, who would fain have hinder'd 'em, telling 'em that they were not ſo raſhly to abandon themſelves to their Paſſions. This Prudent Leader, who was an old Pigeon, call'd *Montivaga*, perceiving 'em ſo indocible and obſtinate, had a deſire to ſeparate from 'em: But Fate that imperiouſly Controuls us, conſtrain'd him to follow the Fortune of the Reſt, ſo that he alighted upon the Ground with his Companions. Thus when they ſaw themſelves under the Net, and juſt ready to fall into the Fowlers hands, Well! ſaid *Montivaga*, what think you now, will you believe me another time? I ſee, continu'd he, perceiving how they flutter'd to get looſe, that every one of you minds his

his own ſafety, never regarding what becomes of his Companion. We ought to make it our Buſineſs to help one another; and it may be that ſo Charitable an Action may ſave us. Let us altogether ſtrive to break the Net. With that, they all obey'd *Montivaga*, and ſo well beſtirr'd themſelves, that they tore the Net and carry'd it up into the Air. Upon which, the Fowler, vex'd to loſe ſo fair a Prey, follow'd the Pigeons, in hopes that the weight of the Net would tire 'em.

In the mean time the Raven obſerving all this, ſaid he to himſelf, this is a very pleaſant Adventure, I'm reſolv'd to ſee the Iſſue of it. *Montivaga* obſerving, that the Fowler was reſolv'd to follow 'em, this wicked Man, ſaid he to his Companion, will never give over purſuing us, till he has loſt ſight of us; and therefore let us bend our flight to ſome thick Wood, or ſome ruin'd Caſtle, to the end that being protected by ſome Forreſt or thick Wall, deſpair may force him to retire. This Expedient had the deſir'd Succeſs: For having ſecur'd themſelves among the Boughs of a thick Forreſt, where the Fowler loſt ſight of 'em, he return'd home, full ſorely afflicted for the loſs of his Net, and his Game to boot.

As for the Raven, he follow'd 'em ſtill, rather out of Curioſity then otherwiſe, to know how they got out of the Net, to the end he might make uſe of the ſame Secret, upon the like Occaſion.

The Pigeons thus quit of the Fowler, were overjoy'd; however they were ſtill troubl'd with the entanglements of the Net which they could not get rid of: But *Montivaga*, who was

was fertile in Inventions found a way for that. We muſt addreſs our ſelves, ſaid he, to ſome intimate Friend, who ſetting aſide all Treacherous and By-ends, will go faithfully to Work. I know a Rat that lives not far from hence, a faithful Friend of mine whoſe name is *Zirac*; he will gnaw the Net, and ſet us at Liberty. The Pigeons, who deſir'd nothing more, conſented to it: And ſoon after they arriv'd at the Rat's hole, who came forth upon the fluttering of their Wings; and who wondering no leſs to ſee *Montivaga* ſo intangl'd in the Net, Oh! my dear Friend, ſaid he, how came you into this Condition? To whom *Montivaga*, I deſire you, ſaid he, firſt of all to diſingage my Companions. But *Zirac*, more troubl'd to ſee his Friend bound, needs would pay his Reſpects to him; at what time *Montivaga*, I Conjure you once more, ſaid he, to ſet my Companions at Liberty before me: For beſides that being their Chieftain, I ought to take care for them in the firſt place, I am afraid the pains thou wilt take to unbind me, will ſlacken thy good Offices to the Reſt; whereas the Friendſhip thou haſt for me, will excite thee to haſten their deliverance, that thou may'ſt be the ſooner in a Condition to give me my Freedom. The Rat admiring the ſolidity of theſe Arguments, applauded *Montivaga*'s Generoſity, and fell to unlooſen the Strangers; which was ſoon done, and then he perform'd the ſame kind Office for his Friend.

Montivaga thus at Liberty, together with his Companions, took his leave of *Zirac*, returning him a thouſand Thanks for his Kindneſs: And when they were gone, the Rat return'd to his hole.

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The Raven having obſerv'd all this, had a great deſire to be acquainted with *Zirac*. To which end he went to *Zirac*'s hole, and call'd him by his name. *Zirac* frighted to hear a ſtrange Voice, ask'd who he was? To which the Raven anſwer'd, 'tis a Raven who has ſome Buſineſs of Importance to impart to thee. What Buſineſs, reply'd the Rat, can we have together? We are Enemies. Then the Raven told him, he deſir'd to liſt himſelf in the Number of a Rat's friends whom he knew to be ſo ſincere a Friend. I beſeech you, anſwer'd *Zirac*, find out ſome other Creature, whoſe Friendſhip agrees better with your Diſpoſition. You loſe your time in endeavouring to perſuade me to ſuch an incompatible Friendſhip. Never ſtand upon incompatibilities, ſaid the Raven, but do a generous Action, by affording a Perſon the ſuccour which he deſires at your hands. You may talk to me, of Generoſity till your Lungs ake, reply'd *Zirac*, I know your Tricks too well: In a word, we are of a Species ſo different, that we can never ſet our Horſes together. The Example of the Partridge, that over haſtily granted her Friendſhip to a Falcon, is a ſufficient warninig to make me Wiſer.

The Fable of the Partridge and the Falcon.

A Partridge, ſaid *Zirac*, purſuing his Diſcourſe was promenading at the foot of a Hill, and jurring ſo delightfully, that a Falcon flying that way, and hearing her ſweet Voice, deſir'd her acquaintance. No body, ſaid he to himſelf, can live without a Friend: It being the ſaying of wiſe Men, that they who want Friends, labour under perpetual Sickneſs. With that he would fain have accoſted the Partridge; but ſhe perceiving him, eſcap'd into a hole, all over of a Cold Sweat for fear. The Falcon follow'd her, and preſenting himſelf at the foot of the hole, My dear Partridge, ſaid he, I never had any great kindneſs hitherto for you, becauſe I did not know your Merit; but ſince my good Fortune now has made me better acquainted with it, be pleas'd to give me leave that I may offer you my Friendſhip, and that I may beg of you, to grant me yours. Tyrant, anſwer'd the Partridge, let me alone, and labour not in vain to reconcile Fire and Water. Moſt amiable Partridge, reply'd the Falcon, baniſh theſe idle Fears, and be convinc'd that I love you, and deſire that we may enter into a Familiarity together. Had I any other deſign, I would not trouble my ſelf to Court you with ſuch ſoft Language out of your Hole. I have ſuch good Pounces, that I would have ſeiz'd a dozen of Partridges in the time that I have been courting your Affection: And I am ſure you

you will be glad of my Friendſhip: Firſt becauſe no Falcon ſhall do you any harm, while you are under my Protection. Secondly, becauſe that being in my Neſt, you will be honour'd by all the World; and laſtly I will procure you a Male to keep you Company. Should all this be true, reply'd the Partridge, I ought not to accept your Propoſal: For you being the Prince of Birds, and I a poor ſilly Partridge, whenever I ſhall do any thing that ſhall diſpleaſe you, you will be ſure to tear me to pieces. No, no, ſaid the Falcon, ſet your heart at reſt for that: The faults that Friends commit are eaſily pardon'd. At length the Falcon teſtify'd ſuch an extraordinary Friendſhip for the Partridge, that ſhe could no longer refuſe coming out of her Hole: And no ſooner was ſhe come forth, but the Falcon tenderly embrac'd her; he carry'd her to his Neſt, where for two or three Days he made it his whole Buſineſs to divert her. The Partridge overjoy'd to ſee her ſelf ſo Careſs'd, gave her Tongue more liberty then ſhe had done before; which began to offend the Falcon, tho' he diſſembl'd it. One Day he fell ill; which hinder'd him from going abroad in ſearch of Prey; ſo that he grew hungry; and wanting Victuals he grew melancholy. His being out of humour allarm'd the Partridge, who kept her ſelf in a Corner with a very modeſt Countenance. But the Falcon no longer able to endure the importunities of his Stomach, reſolv'd to pick a ſlight Quarrel with the Partridge. To which purpoſe, 'tis not fitting, ſaid he, that you ſhould lye lurking in the ſhade, while all the World is expos'd to the heat of the Sun. The Par-

tridge, trembling every joynt of her, King of Birds, ſaid ſhe, 'tis now Night, and all the World is in the ſhade as well as I; nor do I know what Sun you mean. Inſolent Baggage; reply'd the Falcon, then you'l make me either a Liar or a Mad-man: And ſo ſaying, he fell upon her and tore her to pieces.

Do not you believe, purſu'd the Rat, that upon the faith of your Promiſes I will lye at your Mercy. Recollect your ſelf, anſwer'd the Raven, and conſider that 'tis not worth my while to fool my ſtomach with ſuch a diminutive Body as thine: But I know thy Friendſhip may be beneficial to me: Scruple not therefore to grant me this Favour. The Sages of old, reply'd the Rat, admoniſh us to take care of being deluded by the fair words of our Enemies, as was the Gentleman, whoſe Story I am going to recite.

The Fable of the Man and the Adder.

A Man mounted upon a Camel, paſt through a Thicket, and went to reſt himſelf in that part of it, from whence a Caravan was but juſt departed, and where the People having left a Fire, ſome ſparks of it being driven by the Wind, ſet a Buſh, wherein lay an Adder, all in a flame; which environ'd the Adder in ſuch a manner, that he knew not how to eſcape. At the ſame Inſtant he perceiv'd the Man already mention'd, and beg'd of him to ſave his Life. The Man being naturely compaſſionate, ſaid he to himſelf, 'tis true theſe Creatures are Enemies to mankind; however good Actions are of great Value: and whoever ſows the ſeed of good Works ſhall reap the Fruit of Bleſſings. After he had made this Reflexion, he took a Sack, and tying it to the end of his Lance, reach'd it over the flame to the Adder, who flung himſelf into it: And then the Knight pull'd back the Bag, and gave the Adder leave to come forth; telling him he might go about his Buſineſs, provided he never did any more harm to Men, ſince a Man had done him ſo great a piece of Service. But the Adder anſwer'd, think not that I intend to be gone ſo calmly: My deſign is firſt to throw my Venom upon thee and thy Camel. Be more juſt, reply'd the Knight, and tell me whether it be lawful to recompence good with evil. In ſo doing, ſaid the Adder, I ſhall do no more, then what your ſelves do every Day; that is to ſay, retaliate good

Deeds with wicked Actions, and requite Benefits receiv'd with Ingratitude. You cannot prove that aſſertion, reply'd the Knight; and if you can ſhew me any one that is of your Opinion, I'll conſent to whatever you think fitting. Very good, anſwer'd the Adder, and at the ſame time ſpying a Cow, let us propound our Queſtion, ſaid he to this Cow, and we ſhall ſee what anſwer ſhe will make. The Man conſented, and ſo both of 'em accoſting the Cow, the Adder put the Queſtion to her, how a good turn was to be requited? By its contrary, reply'd the Cow, according to the Cuſtom of Men; and this I know by experience. I belong, ſaid ſhe, to a Man, to whom I am ſeveral ways extreamly Benefical: For I bring him a Calf every Year, I ſupply his Houſe with Milk, Butter, and Cheeſe, and now I am grown Old, and no longer in a Condition to ſerve him as formerly I did, he has put me in this Paſture to Fat me, with a deſign to ſell me to a Butcher, who is to cut my Throat: Is not this a requiting Good with Evil. Then the Adder taking upon him to ſpeak, ſaid he to the Man, what ſay you now, are not your own Cuſtoms a ſufficient warrant for me to treat you, as I intend to do? The Knight, not a little aſtoniſh'd, made anſwer, one Witneſs is not enough to convince me, I muſt have two. With all my heart, reply'd the Adder; let us addreſs our ſelves to this Tree, that ſtands here before us. The Tree having heard the Subject of their Diſpute, among Men, ſaid he, Benefits are never requited but with ungrateful Actions. I protect Travellers from the heat of the Sun, nevertheleſs, forgeting the

Delight

Deligh. and Benefit of my ſhade, they cut down my Branches to make Sticks, and Handles for Hatchets, and more then horridly barbarous they ſaw my Body to make Planks and Rafters. Is not this a requiting Good with Evil? Then the Adder looking upon the Knight, ask'd if he were ſatisfy'd? But he was in ſuch a Confuſion, that he knew not what to anſwer. However, in hopes to free himſelf from the danger that threaten'd him, ſaid he to the Adder, I deſire but one favour more; let us be judg'd by the next Beaſt we meet; give me but that ſatisfaction, 'tis all I crave; for you know Life is ſweet. While they were thus parlying together, a Fox paſſing by, was ſtopp'd by the Adder, who Conjur'd him to put an end to their Controverſie. Upon which the Fox deſiring to know the Subject of their Diſpute; ſaid the Knight, I have done this Adder a ſignal piece of Service, and he would fain perſuade me that for my reward he ought to do me a Miſchief. He ſpeaks nothing but what is true, reply'd the Fox; but let me underſtand what ſervice you have done him? Then the Knight up and told him after what manner he had reſcu'd him out of the flames, with that little Sack which he ſhew'd him. How! ſaid the Fox, laughing out-right, will you make me believe, that ſo large an Adder could get into ſuch a little Sack as this? 'tis impoſſible: But if the Adder will go into it again, to convince me of the Truth of what you ſay, I ſhall then be able to judge of his Affair. Moſt willingly, reply'd the Adder, and at the ſame time put himſelf into the Sack. Then ſaid the Fox to the Knight, now you are the Maſter of

your Enemy's Life. With that the Knight tied up the Mouth of the Sack, and with a great Stone never left till he had pounded the Adder to Death, and by that means put an end to the fears of the one, and the Diſputes of the other.

This Fable, purſu'd the Rat, informs us, that there is no truſting to the fair words of an Enemy, for fear of falling into the like Misfortunes. You ſay very true, reply'd the Raven, but we ought as well to underſtand how to diſtinguiſh Friends from Enemies: And I ſwear I will not depart from hence, till thou haſt granted me thy Friendſhip. *Zirac* perceiving that the Raven dealt frankly and cordially with him, 'tis an honour, ſaid he, for me to wear the Title of thy Friend, and if I have ſo long withſtood thy importunities 'twas only to try thee, and to ſhew thee that I want neither Wit nor Policy: And ſo ſaying, he came forward, but ſtopt at the Entrance of his Hole. Why doſt thou not come boldly forth? Demanded the Raven. Is it becauſe thou art not yet aſſur'd of my Affection? That's not the Reaſon, anſwer'd the Rat, but I'm afraid of thy Companions upon the Trees. Set thy heart at reſt for that; reply'd the Raven, they ſhall reſpect thee as their Friend: For 'tis a Cuſtom among us, that when one of us enters into a League of Friendſhip with a Creature of another Species, we all Eſteem and Love that Creature. The Rat, upon the faith of theſe Words, accoſted the Raven, who carreſs'd him with extraordinary Demonſtrations of Friendſhip, ſwearing to him an inviolable Amitie, and requeſting him to go and live with him in the Habitation of a Tortoiſe,

toiſe, of whom he gave a very noble Character. I have ſo great an inclination for you, ſaid the Rat, that from hence forward I will follow you as your Shadow. For to tell you the truth, this is not the proper place of my Reſidence, only I was compell'd to take Sanctuary in this Hole, by reaſon of an Accident, of which I would give you the Relation, if I thought it might not be offenſive to you. My dear Friend, reply'd the Raven, can you have any ſuch fears? or rather are you not convinc'd that I ſhare in all your concerns? But the Tortoiſe, added he, whoſe Friendſhip is a very conſiderable Acquiſition, which you cannot fail of, will be no leſs glad to hear recital of your Adventures: And at the the ſame time he took the Rat in his Bill, and carry'd him to the Tortoiſes dwelling, to whom he related what he had ſeen *Zirac* do. She congratulated the Raven for having acquir'd ſo perfect a Friend, and careſs'd the Rat at a very high rate, who for his part was too much a Courtier not teſtifie how ſenſible he was of all her Civilities. After many Complements on all ſides they went all three to walk by the Banks of a purling Rivulet; and having made choice of a Place ſomewhat diſtant from the Highway, the Raven deſir'd *Zirac* to relate his Adventures, which he did in the following manner.

The Fable of Zirac's *Adventure.*

I Was born and liv'd in a City of *India* call'd *Marout*, where I made choice of a Place that ſeem'd to be the Habitation of ſilence it ſelf, that I might live without diſturbance. I taſted the ſweets of a quiet Life in Company of ſome Rats of my own humour. There was alſo in our Neighbourhood a Monk, who ſtay'd in his Monaſtery while his Companion went a Begging. He eat a part of what the other brought home, and kept the remainder for his Supper. But he never found his Diſh in the ſame Condition that he left it. For while he was in his Garden, I fill'd my Belly, and call'd my Companions, who were no leſs mindful of their duty to nature then my ſelf. The Monk finding his Pittance diminiſh'd, flew out into a great rage, and lookt in his Books for ſome Receit, or ſome Engin to apprehend us; but all that nothing avail'd him, becauſe I was ſtill more cunning then he. One Day, one of his Friends who had been a long Journey, enter'd into his Cell to viſit him; and after they had Dined, they fell into a Diſcourſe concerning Travel. At the ſame time alſo the Monk ask'd his Friend what he had ſeen, that was moſt Rare and Curious in all his Travels. To whom the Traveller began to recount what he had obſerv'd moſt worthy remark; but as he was ſtudying to give him a Deſcription of the moſt delightful Places through which he had paſt, the Monk interrupted him from time to time, with the Noiſe which he made by clap-

ing

ing his hands one againſt the other, and ſtamping with his Foot againſt the Ground to fright us away: For indeed we made frequent Sallies upon his Proviſion, never regard ng his incivilities. At length the Traveller taking it in Dudgeon, that the Monk gave ſo little ear to him, told him in down-right terms, that he did ill to detain him there to make a fool of him. Heav'n forbid, reply'd the Monk altother ſurpriz'd, that I ſhould make a fool of a perſon of your Merit: I beg your Pardon for interrupting you, but there is in this Monaſtery a Neſt of Rats that will eat me up to the very Ears before they have done; and there is one above the reſt ſo bold, that he comes and bites me by the Noſe as I lye aſleep, and I know not how to catch the felonious Devil. The Traveller ſatisfy'd with the Monk's excuſes, there is ſome Myſtery in this, ſaid he, and this accident brings to my mind a Story, which I will relate, provided you will hearken to me with attention.

The Fable of a Husband and his Wife.

ONE Day the bad Weather conſtrain'd me to ſtop at a Town, where I went to lodge at one of my Friends, who receiv'd me very Civilly. After ſupper, he put me into a Chamber that was parted from his own, by a very thin Wainſcote only, ſo that in deſpight of my Ears, I heard all his private converſation with his Wife. To morrow, ſaid he, I intend to invite the Principal Burghers of the Town, to divertiſe my Friend who has done me the Honour to come and ſee me. You have not ſufficient where withal to ſupport your Family, anſwer'd his Wife, and yet you talk of being at great expences. Rather think of ſparing that little you have for the good of your Children, and let feaſting alone. The Providence of God is very great, reply'd the Husband, and we ought not to take care for to morrow, leſt what befel the Wolf befal us.

The Fable of the Hunter and the Wolf.

ONE Day a great Hunter returning from the chace of a Deer, which he had kill'd, ſpy'd a wild Boar coming out of a Wood, and making directly towards him. Very good, cry'd the Hunter, this Beaſt will augment my Proviſion. With that he bent his Bow, and let fly his Arrow with ſo good an Aim, that he wounded the Boar to Death. The Beaſt feeling himſelf wounded, ran with ſo much fury at the Hunter, that he ript up his Belly with his Tusks in ſuch a manner, that they both fell dead upon the Place.

At the ſame time there paſt by a Wolf half famiſht, who ſeeing ſo much Victuals lying upon the Ground, was in an extaſie of Joy. However, ſaid he to himſelf, I muſt not be prodigal of all this good Food; but it behoves me to husband my good Fortune, to make my proviſion hold out the longer: Nevertheleſs, being very hungry, he was reſolv'd to fill his Belly. He began therefore with the ſtring of the Bow, which was made of a Gut: But he had no ſooner ſnapt the ſtring, but the Bow which was bent, gave him ſuch a terrible thump upon the Breaſt, that he fell ſtone dead upon the other Bodies.

This Fable, ſaid the Husband purſuing his Diſcourſe, inſtructs us that we ought not to be too greedily Covetous. If it be ſo, ſaid his Wife, ev'n invite whom you pleaſe to morrow.

The next Day, as the Wife was getting Dinner ready, and making a ſort of Sawce with Honey, ſhe ſaw a Rat fall into the Honey Pot, which turn'd her Stomach. Unwilling therefore to make uſe of the Honey, ſhe carry'd it to the Market, and took Pitch in exchange? I was then by accident by her, and ask'd her why ſhe made ſuch a diſadvantageous exchange. Becauſe, ſaid ſhe in my ear, 'tis not worth ſo much as the Pitch. Then I preſently conceiv'd there was ſome Myſtery in the thing. 'Tis the ſame with this Rat: He would never be ſo bold, had he not ſome reaſon for it which we are ignorant of. For my part I amapt to believe there is Money hidden in his Hole.

The Monk no ſooner heard the Traveller talk of Mony, but he took a Hatchet, and ſo beſtirr'd himſelf, that having cleft the Wall, he diſcover'd my Treaſure, to the value of a thouſand Deniers in Gold, which I heap'd together with great Labour and Toil. I told 'em every Day: I took delight to handle 'em, and tumble upon 'em, placing all my happineſs in that Exerciſe. Very good, ſaid the Traveller, had I not reaſon to attribute the inſolency of thoſe Rats to ſome unknown cauſe?

I leave you to judge in what a deſperate Condition I was; when I ſaw my Habitation ranſack'd after that manner. Thereupon I reſolv'd to change my Lodging; but all my Companions left me; ſo that I had a thorough experience of the Truth of the Proverb, *No Mony, no* Friend. Moreover, your Friends now a Days love us no longer, then our Friendſhip turns to their advantage. One Day, a wealthy

wealthy and a witty Man was ask'd how many Friends he had? As for Friends a-l-a mode, ſaid he, I have as many as I have Crowns: But as for real Friends I muſt ſtay till I come to be in want, and then I ſhall know.

While I was pondering upon the accident that had befallen me, I ſaw a Rat paſs along, who had been ſo much devoted to my ſervice, that you would have thought he could not have liv'd a moment out of my Company. I call'd to him, and ask'd him, why he ſhun'd me like the reſt? Think'ſt thou, ſaid he, that we are ſuch Fools to ſerve thee for nothing? When thou wer't Rich we were thy Servants: Now that thou art Poor, we will not be the Companions of thy Poverty. Thou ought'ſt not to deſpiſe the Poor, ſaid I, becauſe they are the belov'd of God. 'Tis very true, anſwer'd he, but not ſuch Poor as thou art. For God loves thoſe who have quitted the World, not thoſe whom the World has forſaken. I could not tell what to anſwer to that cutting Expreſſion. However I ſtay'd with the Monk, to ſee how he would diſpoſe of the Mony which he had taken from me: And I obſerv'd that he gave the one half to his Friend, and that each of 'em laid their ſhares under their Pillows. Now I had a mind to go and regain this Mony: To which purpoſe I ſtole ſoftly to his Bed-ſide; but his Friend, who unperceiv'd by me obſerv'd all my Actions, threw his Bed-ſtaff at me with ſo good a Will, that he had almoſt broke my Foot, which oblig'd me to recover my Hole with all the ſpeed I could, tho' not without ſome difficulty. About an Hour after, I crept out again, believing

ing the Traveller asleep: But he was too diligent a Sentinel, afraid of loosing his good Fortune. However I pluck'd up a good heart, went forward, and was already got to the Monk's Beds-head, when my rashness had like to have cost me my Life. For the Traveller gave me a second Blow upon the Head, that stun'd me in such a manner, that I could hardly find my Hole again. At the same time also the Traveller threw his Bed-staff at me a third time, but missing me, I recover'd my sanctuary, where I was no sooner in safety, but I protested never more to pursue the Recovery of a thing, which had cost me so much pains and jeopardy. In pursuance of this Resolution, I left the Monastery, and retir'd to that place where you saw me with the Pigeon. The Tortoise was very well pleas'd with the recital of the Rats Adventures, and at the same time embracing him, you have done well, said she, to quit the World and the intreagues of it, since they afford us no perfect satisfaction. All those who are turmoil'd with Avarice and Ambition, do but labour their own ruin, like the Cat, whose Adventure you will not be displeas'd to hear.

The Fable of the ravenous Cat.

A Certain Perſon bred up a Cat very frugally in his own Houſe: But the Cat, who was very ravenous, not contented with her ordinary Food, hunted about in every Corner for more. One Day, paſſing by a Dove-houſe, ſhe ſaw ſome young Pigeons that were hardly fledg'd; and preſently her Teeth water'd for a taſte of thoſe delicate Viands. With this Reſolution up ſhe mounted into the Dove-houſe, never minding whether the Maſter were there or no; and was preparing to ſatisfie her voluptuous Deſires. But the Maſter no ſooner ſaw the Epicure of a Cat enterd, but he ſhut up the Doors, and ſtopt all the holes where ſhe might get out again, and ſo beſtirr'd himſelf, that he caught the felonious Puſs, and hang'd her up at the corner of the Pigeon-houſe. Soon after the owner of the Cat paſſing that way, and ſeeing his Cat hang'd, Unfortunate Greedy-gut, ſaid he, hadſt thou been contented with thy meaner Food, thou hadſt not been now in this Condition! Thus inſatiable Gluttons are the procurers of their own untimely Ends. Beſides, the Felicities of this World are uncertain and of no continuance. Wiſe Men ſay, there is no truſt nor relyance upon ſix Things, nor any thing of fidelity to be expected from' em.

1. From a Cloud; for it diſperſes in an inſtant.

2. From feigned Friendſhip; for it paſſes away like a Flaſh of Lightning.

3. From

3. From a Woman's Love; for it changes upon every frivolous Fancy.

4. From Beauty; for the leaſt injury of Time, Misfortune, or a Diſeaſe deſtroys it.

5. From falſe Prayers; for they are but Smoak.

6. From the Enjoyments of this World; for they vaniſh in a Moment.

Men of Judgment, continued the Rat, never labour after theſe vain things: There is nothing b t the acquiſition of a real Friend can tempt 'em. Then the Raven, in his turn, There is nothing, ſaid he, like a true and mutual Friend; which I ſhall endeavour to prove by the recital of the following Story.

The

The Fable of the two Friends.

A Certain Perſon heard one knocking at his Door at an unſeaſonable Hour. He ask'd who was there; and when he underſtood it was one of his beſt Friends, he roſe and put on his Cloaths; and then ordering his Servant to light a Candle, he went and open'd the Door. So ſoon as he ſaw him, Dear Friend, ſaid he, I cannot imagine your coming ſo late to be for any other Reaſon, but either to borrow Money, to deſire me to be your Second, or becauſe you want Company to divert ſome ſudden Melancholly. I am provided to ſerve you in any of theſe three Requeſts, continued he: If you want Money my Purſe is open; if you are to meet your Enemy, my Arm and Sword is at your Service; or if any amorous Deſire brings ye abroad, here is my Maid, handſom enough to give you a civil Entertainment. In a word, what ever lies in my Power is at your Service. There is nothing I have leſs occaſion for, anſwer'd his Friend, then what you proffer me. I only come to underſtand the condition of your Health, fearing the truth of an unlucky and diſaſtrous Dream.

While the Raven was reciting this Fable, they beheld at a diſtance a little wild Goat making towards 'em with an incredible ſwiftneſs. They thought ſhe had been purſu'd by ſome Hunter; which made 'em ſeparate: The Tortoiſe ſlipt into the Water; the Rat crept into his Hole; and the Raven hid himſelf among the

the Boughs of a very high Tree. In the mean time the Goat ſtopt all of a ſudden by the ſide of a Fountain; when the Raven, who lookt about every way, perceiving no body, call'd to the Tortoiſe, who peep'd up above Water; and ſeeing the Goat afraid to drink, Drink boldly, ſaid the Tortoiſe, for the Water is very clear: Which the Goat having done, Pray tell me, cry'd the Tortoiſe, what is the reaſon you ſeem to be in ſuch a Fright. Reaſon enough, reply'd the Goat, for I have juſt made my Eſcape from the Hands of a Hunter who purſu'd me with an eager Chace. Come, ſaid the Tortoiſe, ſtay here, and be one of our Friends, you will find our Converſation very beneficial. Wiſe Men ſay, that the number of Friends leſſens Trouble; and that if a Man had a thouſand Friends, he ought to reckon them no more then one. On the other ſide, if a Man has but one Enemy, he ought to reckon that one for a thouſand; ſo dangerous a thing an Enemy is. After this Diſcourſe, the Raven and the Rat enter'd into Company with the Goat, and ſhew'd her a thouſand Civilities, with which ſhe was ſo taken, that ſhe promis'd to ſtay there as long as ſhe liv'd.

Thus theſe four Friends ſpent their time very pleaſingly together. But one Day that the Tortoiſe, the Rat, and the Raven were met as they us'd to do, by the ſide of the Fountain, the Goat was miſſing, which very much troubl'd 'em, not knowing what accident might have befallen her. Preſently the Raven mounted up into the Air, to ſee what diſcoveries he could make, and looking round about him, at length

length he perceiv'd the poor Goat entangl'd in a Hunter's Net. These ill Tydings extremely afflicted all the three Friends. We must find a way, said the Tortoise, to deliver the poor Goat out of Captivity. Then said the Raven to the Rat, there is none but you can set our good Friend at liberty: And the business must be quickly done, for fear the Huntsman lay his Clutches upon her. I will do my endeavour, reply'd the Rat; and therefore let's go immediately, least we lose time. Presently the Raven took up *Zirac* in his Bill, and carr'd him to the place; where being arriv'd, he fell without delay to gnawing the Meashes that held the Goat's Foot, and by that time the Tortoise arriv'd. So soon as the Goat perceiv'd her, she sent forth a loud Cry, Oh! why have you ventur'd your self to come hither? Alas, reply'd the Tortoise, I could no longer endure your absence. Dear Friend, said the Goat, your coming to this place, troubles me more then the loss of my Liberty. For if the Hunter should happen to come at this instant, what will you do to make your Escape? For my part I am almost unbound, and my swift Heels will preserve me from falling into his Hands. The Raven will find his Safety in his Wings, the Rat will run into any hole. Only you that are so slow of Foot will become the Hunter's Prey.

No sooner had the Goat spoken the words, but the Hunter appear'd. But then the Goat being unloos'd, ran away; the Raven mounted into the Sky, the Rat slipt into a Hole, only the slow-pac'd Tortoise remain'd without help.

When

When the Hunter arriv'd, he was not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee his Net broken, which was no ſmall vexation to him, and made him look narrowly about, to ſee if he could diſcover who had done him the Injury, at what time he ſpy'd the Tortoiſe. Oh! ſaid he, 'tis very well, I ſhan't go home empty handed; here's a plump Tortoiſe, and that's worth ſomething I'm ſure. With that he took the Tortoiſe up, put it in his Sack, threw the Sack over his Shoulder, and ſo was trudging home.

When he was gone, the three Friends met together, and miſſing the Tortoiſe, they judg'd what was become of her. Then ſending forth a thouſand Sighs, they made moſt doleful lamentations, and ſhed a torrent of Tears. But at length the Raven interrupting this ſad Harmony, Dear Friends, ſaid he, our Moans and Sorrows do the Tortoiſe no good, we muſt think of a way to ſave her Life. The Sages of the World inſtruct us, that there are four ſorts of Men, who are never known but upon four ſorts of Occaſions. Men of Courage in Fight; Men of Honeſty in Buſineſs; a Woman in her Husband's Misfortunes; and a true Friend in extream Neceſſity. We find our dear Friend the Tortoiſe is in a ſad Condition, and therefore we muſt ſuccour her. And now I think on't, ſaid the Rat, an Expedient is come into my Head. Let the Goat go and ſhew her ſelf in the Hunter's Eye, who will then be ſure to lay down his Sack to run after her. Very well adviſ'd, reply'd the Goat, I will pretend to be lame, and run limping at a little diſtance before him, which will encourage him tofollow me, and ſo draw him a good way from his

his Sack, which will give the Rat time to ſet our Friend at liberty. This Stratagem was approv'd; The Goat ran halting before the Hunter, who ſeem'd to be ſo feeble and faint, that the Hunter thought he had her ſafe in his Clutches: And ſo laying down his Sack ran after the Goat with all his might, who ſuffer'd him ever and anon to breathe, and then led him another Green-gooſe Chaſe, till ſhe had drag'd him quite out of ſight; which the Rat perceiving, came and gnaw'd the String that ty'd the Sack, and let out the Tortoiſe, who went and hid her ſelf in a thick Buſh.

At length the Hunter tyr'd with running in vain after his Prey, return'd to his Sack, but miſſing the Tortoiſe, he was in amaze; and thought himſelf in a Region of Hobgoblins and Spirits. He could not but ſtand and bleſs himſelf, that a Goat ſhould free her ſelf out of his Nets, and by and by run hopping before him, and make a Fool of him; and that a Tortoiſe, a poor feeble Creature, ſhould break the String of a Sack, and make his Eſcape. All theſe Conſiderations ſtruck him with ſuch a panick Fear, that he fell a running home, as if a thouſand Robin-goodfellows or Raw-head and Bloody-bones had been at his Heels. After which the four Friends met together, and made new Proteſtations of Friendſhip, and ſwore never to ſeparate till Death parted 'em.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

That we ought always to diſtruſt our Enemies, and be perfectly inform'd of what ever paſſes among 'em.

WE are now come, ſaid *Dabſchelim*, to the fourth Chapter, which is to prove, That no Perſon of Judgment and Diſcretion ought to expect or hope for Friendſhip from his Enemies. Teach me then which way to avoid their Treaſons. We ought, reply'd the Bramin, always to diſtruſt our Enemies; for when they make a ſhew of Friendſhip, 'tis only to cover their evil Deſigns: and whoever confides in an Enemy, will be deceiv'd like the Owl in the Fable which I am going to recite to your Majeſty.

The Fable of the Crow and the Owl.

IN the Province of *China* there is a Mountain whoſe top aſpires above the Clouds: on the top of this Mountain ſtood a Tree whoſe Boughs ſeem'd to reach Heaven, and were all laden with Ravens Neſts, who were all the Subjects of a King call'd *Birouz*. One Night the King of the Owls, who was call'd *Chabahang*, that is to ſay, *Fly by Night*, came at the head of his Army to plunder the Ravens Neſts, againſt whom they had an ancient hatred. The next Day *Birouz* cal'ld a Council to deliberate what means they ſhould make uſe of to defend themſelves from the Aſſaults of the Owls. Five of the ableſt Politicians of his Court underſtanding his Majeſty's Intentions, gave their Advice one after another. Great Monarch, ſaid the firſt, whoſe turn it was to ſpeak, we can think of nothing but what your Majeſty has already thought of before us. Nevertheleſs, ſince 'tis your Pleaſure that we ſhould ſpeak in order what we judge moſt expedient to revenge our ſelves upon the Owls, I ſhall tell you Sir, what Politicians have always held for a Maxim, That no Prince ought ever to attack an Enemy ſtronger then himſelf: To do otherwiſe, is to build upon the Current of a Torrent. Sir, ſaid the ſecond, Flight becomes none but mean and cowardly Souls: 'Tis more noble to take Arms and revenge the Affront we have receiv'd. A Prince ſhall never be at reſt, if he does not carry Terror into the Country

and Soul of his Enemy. The third coming to give his Opinion; I do not blame, said he, the Counsel of my Brethren, nor do I approve it. My Advice is, That your Majesty send Spies to discover the Strength and Condition of the Enemy; and upon their Reports, let us make War or Peace: This is the way to live in quiet. It is the Duty of a King to preserve Peace in his own Kingdom, as well for the repose of his own Mind as for the ease of his Subjects. War is never to be declar'd but against those that disturb the public Tranquility: And if the Enemy be too powerful, we must have recourse to Artifice and Stratagem, and make use of all Opportunities that present themselves to vanquish him by Cunning and Policy. Then the fourth laid before the King, That it was better for a Prince to quit his Country, then to expose a People to lose the Reputation of their Arms, who had always been victorious over their Enemies. That it would be a shame for the Ravens to submit themselves to the Owls, who had all along been under their Subjection. That it was requisite to penetrate their Designs, and resolve rather to Fight, then undergo an ignominious Yoak; since loss of Life was less to be valu'd then loss of Reputation.

The King, after he had heard these four Ministers, made a Signal to the fifth to speak in his turn. This Visir, or Minister, was call'd *Carchenas*, or *Intelligent*. The King therefore, who had a particular Confidence in him, desir'd him to tell him sincerely what he thought was best to be done in this Affair.

Shall

Shall we declare War, or propound Peace, or abandon our Country? Sir, reply'd *Carchenas*, ſince you order me to ſpeak with freedom, my Opinion is, That we ought not to attack the Owls, becauſe they are more numerous then we are. We muſt make uſe of Prudence, a Virtue that has frequently a greater ſhare in great Succeſſes then either Strength or Riches. But before your Majeſty take your final Reſolution, conſult your Miniſters once more; their Counſels may aſſiſt you to bring about your Deſigns with Succeſs: Great Rivers are ſwell'd by many Rivulets. For my part, I neither love War nor Trouble; yet I am not for baſe and daſtardly ſubmiſſion. 'Tis not for Men of Honour to deſire long Life, but only that they may leave to Poſterity Examples of Virtue worthy of admiration: Nor ought we to take care of our Lives, but to expoſe 'em upon occaſion where Honour calls us: 'Tis better never to have been, then to live obſcurely. Therefore my Advice is, That your Majeſty ſhew not the leaſt Fear in this Conjecture; but that you take your Reſolutions in private, that your Enemies may not penetrate your Deſigns.

Here one of the other Miniſters interrupting *Carchenas*, How! ſaid he, what d'ye mean by that? wherefore are Counſels held, but to debate among ſeveral? and wherefore would you have an Affair of this Conſequence be debated in a private Cabal? Affairs of Princes, reply'd *Carchenas*, are not like thoſe of Merchants, which are to be communicated to the whole Society. The Secrets of Kings cannot be diſcover'd but by their Counſel-

lours, or their Embaſſadors. Who knows but there may be Spies in this very place who hear us, with an intent to diſcloſe our Reſolutions to our Enemies, who upon their Repor will prevent our Enterpriſes, or at leaſt diſorder our Determinations? Wiſe Men ſay, That if you will have a Secret, keep the Secret; otherwiſe you will run the hazard of being betray'd, as was the King of *Quechemir*. Whereupon *Birouz*, who was very curious, commanded *Carchenas* to tell him the Adventure.

The Fbale of a King and his Miſtreſs.

IN the City of *Quechemir*; there reign'd a King in former Days, no leſs juſt then powerful. This Prince had a Miſtreſs ſo ſurpaſſingly beautiful, that all Perſons that beheld her fell in love with her. The King himſelf doated on her to that degree, that he would never be out of her Company: But ſhe was far from loving the King ſo dearly as ſhe was belov'd by him. The Affection of the King flatter'd her Vanity, but never touch'd her Heart; which being always made however to harbour ſome particular Amour or other, ſhe ſuffer'd her ſelf to be prepoſſeſs'd with a violent Paſſion for a Page, who was handſom and duly proportion'd even to admiration. She ſoon inform'd him by her Glances what Sentiments ſhe had for him, and the ogling Youth as ſoon inſtructed her

her that ſhe could not apply her ſelf to a young Spark that was more inclin'd to make his Advantage of ſo fair a Fortune. In ſhort, there wanted nothing but an Opportunity to parly together in private, for the ſatisfaction of thoſe Deſires which inflam'd them.

One Day that the King was ſitting with his Miſtreſs, and gazing on her with Delight, the Page who was ſtanding in the ſame Chamber, caſt his Eyes from time to time upon the charming Lady, while ſhe on the other ſide fix'd hers upon the Page, with an Aire ſo paſſionate, that the King perceiv'd it. He underſtood too well that ſilent Language, and was ſo enrag'd with jealouſie and deſpite, that he reſolv'd to put 'em both to Death. However diſſembling his deſign, becauſe he would not Act with too much precipitation, he re-enter'd his Apartment, where he ſpent the Night in amuſement and diſquiet. The next Morning, he heard the complaints of his Subjects, and after he had given ſatisfaction to his People, he enter'd into his Cabinet. Thither he ſent for his chief Miniſter, and diſcover'd to him his deſign to Poiſon his Miſtreſs and the Page. The Viſir, having heard his reaſons, approv'd 'em, promis'd to keep the ſecret, and went home; where finding his Daughter extreamly penſive, he ask'd the Reaſon. Father, ſaid ſhe, the Kings Mignon has abus'd me without a cauſe; this troubles me: And I'll aſſure you if I do not revenge my ſelf, 'tis not for want of good Will. Comfort your ſelf, reply'd the Miniſter, you ſhall be deliver'd from the Pain.

Now as Women are very Curious, the Daughter preſs'd her Father to know after what manner ſhe ſhould be reveng'd of her Enemy; and he was ſo weak as to reveal to her the Kings deſign; 'tis true, ſhe ſwore not to diſcover it to any living Soul: But an hour or two after, the Kings Miſtreſs's Eunuch coming to viſit the Miniſter's Daughter, with an intention to comfort her, and extenuate the affront ſhe had receiv'd, and to that purpoſe telling her, that we ought to bear with our Neighbours faults, Ay, ay, ſaid the Lady, interrupting him with a diſdainful ſmile, let her alone, ſhe has not long to play her proud Pranks. Upon which the Eunuch preſs'd her ſo earneſtly to explain her meaning, that ſhe could hold no longer, but told him every word that her Father had ſaid to her, after ſhe had made him alſo ſwear, that he would inviolably keep the Secret. But the Eunuch had no ſooner left her, but believing himſelf much more oblig'd to break then to keep his Oath, he went to the Kings Miſtreſs, and reveal'd to her the violent Reſolution which the King had taken. There needed no more to incenſe the Lady, to try all ways to prevent him. She ſent away privately for the Page, with whom ſhe took ſuch exact meaſures, that the King was found the next Morning dead in his Bed.

You ſee by this Story, continued *Carchenas*, that Princes are not to diſcover their Secrets to any, but ſuch of whoſe Diſcretion and Fidelity they have conſtant and aſſured Proofs. But what Secrets, ſaid *Birouz*, are thoſe which it moſt concerns us to conceal? Sir, anſwer'd *Carchenas*, there are ſome Secrets of ſuch a Na-

Nature, that Princes are not to entruſt any Body but themſelves with 'em; that is to ſay, to keep 'em ſo conceal'd, that no body may be able to diſcover 'em. Others there are that may be communicated to faithful Miniſters, for their Advice and Counſel.

Birouz finding that *Carchenas* ſpoke nothing but reaſon, ſhut himſelf up with him in his Cabinet, and before he diſcours'd any farther concerning the Buſineſs in Queſtion, he deſir'd him to tell him the fatal Original of the deadly hatred between the Ravens and the Owls. Sir, anſwer'd *Carchenas*, one word produc'd that cruel Animoſity, the terrible Effects of which you have ſo oft Experienc'd.

The Fable of the Original of the hatred between the Ravens and the Owls.

UPon a certain Day a flight of Birds aſſembl'd to chuſe themſelves a King, and every different Species pretended to the Crown. At length, there were ſeveral that gave their Voices for the Owl, becauſe *Minerva* the Goddeſs of Wiſdom had made choice of the Owl for her peculiar Bird. But others unwilling to obey ſo deformed a Creature, the Diet broke up, and they fell one upon another, with ſo much fury, that ſeveral were ſlain. The fight would have laſted longer, had not a certain Bird, in order to part 'em, bethought himſelf of crying out to the Combatants, no more civil Wars, here's a Raven coming, let him be your Judge and Arbitrator: He's a Perſon of Judgment, and whoſe Years have gain'd him great Experience. All the Birds unanimouſly conſented, and when the Raven arriv'd, and had inform'd himſelf of the occaſion of the Quarrel, he thus deliver'd himſelf. Are you ſuch Fools and Mad-men, Gentlemen, ſaid he, to chuſe for your King a Bird, that draws after him nothing but misfortune? Will you ſet up a Fly in the room of a Griffin? Why d'you not rather make choice of a Falcon who has both Courage and Agility, or elſe a Pea-cock, who treads with a Majeſtic Gate? Why do you not rather raiſe an Eagle to the Throne, who is the Emblem of Royalty; or laſtly a Griffin, who by the only motion and the noiſe of his Wings makes the Muntains tremble.

tremble. But tho' there were no ſuch Birds as theſe, which I have nam'd in the World, it were better for you to live without a King, then ſubject your ſelves to ſuch a horrid Creature as an Owl; For beſides that he has the Phyſiognomy of a Cat, he has no Wit; and which is inſupportable, that notwithſtanding he is ſo abominably ugly, he is as proud as a Parſon's Wife: And that which ought to render him yet more deſpicable in your Eyes is this, that he hates the Light of that magnificent Body, that enlivens all Nature. Therefore Gentlemen, lay a ſide a deſign ſo prejudicial to your Honour, and proceed to the Election of another King, and do nothing to repent of afterwards. Chuſe a King that may comfort you in your Diſtreſſes; remember the Rabbet, who calling himſelf the Moons Embaſſadour, expell'd the Elephants out of their Country.

The Fable of the Elephants and the Rabbets.

THere happen'd a dry Year in the Elephants Country, call'd the *Iſles of Rad*, or of the *Wind*, inſomuch, that preſs'd by Drowth, and not being able to come at any Water, they addreſs'd themſelves to their King, beſeeching him to apply ſome remedy to their Miſery, that they might not periſh; upon which the King commanded diligent ſearch to be made in all Places, and at length diſcover'd a Spring of Water, to which the Ancients had given the Name of *Chaſchmamah*, the Fountain of the Moon. Upon this Diſcovery, the King came and encamp'd with his whole Army in the parts adjoyning to this Fountain. But the coming of the Elephants ruin'd a great Number of Rabbets that had a Warren in the ſame Place, becauſe the Elephants every ſtep they took trod down their Burroughs, and kill'd the poor Conies.

One Day the Rabbets aſſembl'd together, went to the King, and beſought him to deliver 'em from that Oppreſſion. I know very well, anſwer'd the King, that I ſit upon the Throne for the welfare and eaſe of my ſubjects; but you ask me a thing that ſurpaſſes my ſtrength. However conſult among your ſelves, and if you can find out an expedient, I will do what lies in my Power to bring it to perfection. Upon which one Rabbet more cunning then the reſt, perceiving the King at a loſs, yet very much mov'd with the Affliction of his Peo-

ple,

ple, ſtept before his Companions, and addreſſing himſelf to the King, Sir, ſaid he, your Majeſty Acts like a juſt Prince, while the care of our Tranquillity diſturbs your reſt; and while you afford us the freedom to give our Advice, it makes me bold to impart to your Majeſty an invention lately come into my Head, to expel the Elephants out of this Country. Sir, continu'd the Rabbet, permit me that I may go with the Character of your Embaſſadour to the King of the Elephants; and I am willing, that your Majeſty ſhould appoint me a Companion of all that paſſes in my Embaſſie.

No, reply'd the King very obligingly, I will have no Spies upon thy Actions; for I believe thee faithful: go in the name of Heaven, and do what thou ſhalt deem moſt convenient, only remember that an Embaſſadour is the Kings Tongue: His diſcourſes ought to be well weigh'd, and his words and his Behaviour Noble and Lofty, while he repreſents the Perſon of his Prince. The moſt learned Men in the Kingdom ought to be made choice of for Embaſſadours. I have heard that one of the greateſt Monarchs in the World, was wont frequently to diſguiſe himſelf, and became his own Embaſſadour. And indeed, for the diſcharge of that Employment theſe Qualities are required, Reſolution, Eloquence, and a vaſt extent of natural Parts. A violent Spirit is not for that Employment. Several Embaſſadours with a raſh word have created trouble in a Kingdom: And others with a mild and agreeable Saying have re-united irreconcileable Enemies. Sir, ſaid the Rabbet, if I am not endow'd

dow'd with all theſe good Qualities your Majeſty has enumerated, I will endeavour to learn 'em.

Having ſo ſaid, he took his leave of the King, and went to the Elephants. But before he arriv'd there, he bethought himſelf, that if he went among 'em, he might be trod to Pieces. For which reaſon he got upon a high Tree, from whence he call'd to the King of the Elephants, who was not far off; I am, ſaid he, the Moon's Embaſſadour, hear what I have to ſay to you in her Name. You know that the Moon is a Goddeſs whoſe Power is unlimited, and that above all things ſhe hates a Lie.

The King of the Elephants was terribly frighted, when he heard the Rabbet talk at that rate, and deſir'd to know the Subject of his Embaſſie. The Moon, reply'd the Rabbet has ſent me hither, to let you underſtand, that whoever is puft up with his own grandure, and deſpiſes her little ones, deſerves death; you are not only contented to oppreſs the little ones, but you have the inſolence to trouble a Fountain conſecrated to her Deity, where every thing is pure. I admoniſh you to reform your Manners, elſe you will be ſeverely puniſh'd. If you will not give credit to my words, come and ſee the Moon in her own Fountain, and then retire.

The King of the Elephants ſtood aſtoniſh'd at theſe Raptures, and went to the Fountain, wherein he ſaw the Moon indeed, becauſe the Water was clear. Then ſaid the Rabbet to the Elephant, take of the Water to waſh your ſelf, and pay your Adorations. The Elephant took ſome of the Water, but all-to-be-

puddled.

puddled the Fountain with his *Proboſcis*; at which the Rabbet, Infidel, ſaid he, you have prophan'd the Fountain with your unhallow'd Ivory, and therefore the Goddeſs is gone away in a huff. Retire with ſpeed from hence with your whole Army, leſt ſome dreadful Misfortune befall you. This threatning Language put the King of the Elephants into a trembling Fit, and terrify'd him to that degree, that he preſently commanded his Army to decamp: And thus the Rabbets were deliver'd from their Enemies by the Policy of one of their Society.

I had not recited this Example, continu'd the Raven, but to inſtruct you, that you ought to make choice of a Prudent and Politick Prince, who may be able to aſſiſt you in your Adverſities, and not of Owls that have neither courage nor Wit. They have nothing in 'em but Malice, which will be no leſs fatal to you, then the Cat was to the Partridge, who deſir'd him to decide a difference which ſhe had with another Bird.

The Fable of the Cat and the Partridge.

SOme Years ago, continu'd the Raven, I made my Neſt upon a Tree, at the foot of which there ſate a Partridge, well ſhap'd and good humour'd. We made a league of Friendſhip together, and frequently kept one another Company. Some time after ſhe abſented her ſelf, for what reaſon I know not, and ſtay'd away ſo long, that I thought her dead; nevertheleſs ſhe return'd, but found her Habitation in Poſſeſſion of another Bird. The Partridge pretended the Houſe was hers, and would have made a forcible Entry, but the Bird refus'd to go out, alledging that Poſſeſſion was nine Points of the Law, and I endeavour'd to bring 'em to an Accommodation, but all to no purpoſe; for the Partridges Atterney, finding ſhe had Money, egg'd her on, and tickl'd her Ears with a Leaſe of Ejectment. However at length the Partridge finding the Law to be very expenſive, quoth ſhe to her ſelf, here lives hard by a very devout Cat, ſhe faſts every Day, ſhe does no body harm, and ſpends the Nights in Prayer, let us, ſaid ſhe to her Adverſary, refer our difference to her: I know not where we ſhall find a more equitable Judge. The other Bird having conſented to this Propoſal, they went both to this Religious Cat, and I follow'd 'em out of Curioſity. Entring in, I ſaw the Cat very attentive at a long Prayer, without turning either to the right or left, which put me in mind of the old Proverb. *That long Prayers*

ers before People is the Key of Hell. I admir'd that Hyprocriſie; and had the Patience to ſtay till the venerable Perſonage had done. After which the Partridge and his Antagoniſt accoſted him with great reſpect, and requeſted him to hear their difference, and give Judgment according to the uſual Rules of Juſtice. The Cat in his Furr-gown acting the Part of Grave and Formal, heard what the Bird had to plead for it ſelf, and then addreſſing himſelf to the Partridge, my Pretty love ſaid he, I am Old and thick of hearing, pray come near and lift up your Voice, that I may not loſe a word of what you have to ſay. Thereupon the Partridge and the other Bird, ſeeing him ſo Devout, went boldly cloſe up to him: But then the Hypocrite fell upon 'em, and devour'd 'em both.

Thus you ſee deceitful People are never to be truſted: And my conſequence is, have you care of the Owl, who is no better then the Cat. The Birds convinc'd that the Raven ſpoke nothing but what was reaſon, never minded the Owl any more. Upon which the Owl went home, meditating how to be reveng'd upon the Raven, againſt whom he conceiv'd ſuch a mortal Hatred, that time could never extinguiſh.

This Sir, proceeded *Carchenas*, is the true Reaſon of the perpetual Enmity between us and the Owls. Now ſaid the King of the Ravens, let us conſider what meaſures we muſt take to repair the affront I have receiv'd. To which *Carchenas*, after he had given the King his due Applauſes, Sir, ſaid he, I am not of the ſame Opinion with your other Miniſters, who

who adviſe either War, or Flight, or an ignominious Peace. We muſt follow the Maxim; when we want ſtrength, we muſt have recourſe to Artifice and Stratagem, and endeavour to deceive the Enemy, by feigning one thing and doing another; as you may ſee by the following Example.

The Fable of the Derwiche and the four Robbers.

A Derwiche had purchas'd a fat Weather, on purpoſe to offer it up in Sacrifice, and having ty'd a Cord about the Neck of it, was leading it to his Monaſtery. Four Thieves that perceiv'd him had a great mind to this Weather; but they durſt not take it away from the Derwiche by force, becauſe they were too near the City; and therefore they made uſe of this Stratagem. They firſt parted Company, and then accoſted the Derwiche, whom they knew to be a Jack Adams, as if they had come from ſeveral diſtinct Parts. ſaid the firſt of 'em, Father, whither are you leading this Dog? The ſecond coming from another Quarter, cry'd to him, Venerable old Gentleman, you have ſtoln this Dog: And at length the third coming to the Derwiche, and asking him, whether he would go a Hunting with his handſom Grey-hound? the poor Monk began to doubt whether the Weather which he had were a Weather or no. But the fourth Robber put him quite beſide himſelf, ſaying to him,

Pray

Pray Reverend Father, what did this Dog coſt you? The Derwiche abſolutely perſuaded, that four Men, coming from four ſeveral Places, could no be deceiv'd, verily believ'd that the Graſier who had ſold him the Weather was a Conjurer who had bewitcht his ſight; inſomuch that no longer giving Credit to his own Eyes, he began to be firmly convinc'd that the Weather was a Dog; and immediately went back to the Market to demand his Money of the Graſier, leaving the Weather with the Felons, who carry'd it away.

Sir, ſaid *Carchenas*, your Majeſty ſees by this Example, that what cannot be done by force, muſt be atchiev'd by Policy. But, ſaid the King, interrupting him, what invention ſhall we make uſe of to revenge our ſelves of the Owls? Rely upon me, reply'd *Carchenas*, to take care of your Majeſties Revenge. Only order my Feathers to be pull'd off, and leave me all over bloody under this Tree. 'Twas no ſmall grief to *Birouz* to give out ſuch a cruel Order; however the thing was done, and the King march'd with his Army, to wait for *Carchenas* in ſuch a place as the Viſir had appointed him.

In the mean time Night came, and the Owls puſt up with the Victory which they had obtain'd the Night before, return'd to compleat the Deſtruction of the Ravens. But they were amaz'd when they miſs'd the Enemy, which they intended to have ſurpriz'd. They ſought for him every where, at what time they heard a Voice of grievous Lamentation; which was the Voice of *Carchenas* who was howling at the foot of a Tree. The King of

the

the Owls approach'd him, and examin'd him concerning his Birth and Employment he had in *Birouz*'s Court? Alas, reply'd *Carchenas*, the condition wherein you ſee me ſufficiently ſhews you my inability to give you the Account which you demand. What Crime did you commit, reply'd *Chabahang*, to deſerve this hard Uſage? The wicked Ravens reply'd *Carchenas*, upon a ſlight ſuſpicion have us'd me thus. After the defeat of our Army, King *Birouz* call'd a Council, to ſeek out ways to be reveng'd of ſo Bloody an Affront. After he had heard the various Opinions of ſome of his Miniſters, he commanded me to ſpeak mine: At what time I lay'd before him, that you were not only Superiour in Number, but better Diſciplin'd, and more Valiant then we were; and by conſequence that it was neceſſary for us to deſire Peace, and to accept of whatever Conditions you would grant us. This ſo incens'd the King againſt me, that in a violent Paſſion, Traytour, cry'd he, this is the way to infuſe into my Army a fear of the Enemy, by exalting their Strength, and leſſening mine: And with that, believing that I was meditating to ſeek my Peace with your Majeſty, he commanded that I ſhould be us'd as you ſee.

After *Carchenas* had done ſpeaking, the King of Owls ask'd his chief Miniſter what was to be done with *Carchenas*. The only way, Sir, anſwer'd the Miniſter, is to put him out of his pain and knock him o'the Head; never to truſt his fair words; for I don't believe a word he ſays. Remember the old Proverb Sir, *The more Dead, the fewer Enemies.*

mies. To this *Carchenas* in a lamentable tone, I beſeech you Sir, ſaid he, add not to my Affliction by your threating Language.

The King of the Owls, who could not chuſe but compaſſionate *Carchenas*, bid the ſecond Miniſter ſpeak; who was not of the firſt Viſir's opinion. Sir, ſaid he, I would not adviſe your Majeſty to put this Perſon to Death. Kings ought to aſſiſt the Weak, and ſuccour thoſe that throw themſelves into their Protection. Beſides, continu'd he, ſometimes there may be great Advantage made of an Enemies ſervice, according to the Story of the Merchant which I ſhall relate to your Majeſty.

The Fable of the Merchant, his Wife, and the Robber.

A Certain Merchant, very Rich, but homely, and very deformed in his Perſon, had marry'd a very fair and virtuous Wife. He lov'd her paſſionately: On th other ſide ſhe hated him; inſomuch that not being able to endure him, ſhe lay in a Bed apart by her ſelf in the ſame Chamber.

One Night, a Thief broke into the Houſe, and came into the Chamber when the Husband was aſleep; but the Wife being awake, and perceiving the Thief, was in ſuch a terrible Fright, that ſhe ran to her Husband, and held him faſt in her Arms. The Husband waking, was tranſported with joy, to ſee the delight of his Life claſping him in her embraces. Bleſs me! cry'd he, to whom am I beholding for this extraordinary Happineſs: I wiſh I knew the Perſon, that I might return him Thanks. Hardly had he utter'd the words when the Thief appear'd, Oh, cry'd the Merchant, the moſt welcome Perſon in the World: Take what ever thou thinkſt fitting, I cannot reward thee ſufficiently for the good ſervice thou haſt done me.

By this Example you ſee that our Enemies may ſometimes be ſerviceable to us, in obtaining thoſe things which we have ſought in vain to enjoy by the help of our Friends. So that in regard this Raven may prove beneficial to us, we ought to preſerve his Life.

Then

Then the King ask'd a third Miniſter, who delivering his Opinion, Sir, ſaid he, You ought to be ſo far from putting this Raven to Death, that you ought to careſs him, and engage him by your favours to do ſome important ſervice. Wiſe Men always endeavour to oblige ſome of their Enemies, in order to ſet up a Faction againſt the reſt, and then make advantage of their Diviſions. The Quarrel which the Derwiche had with the Thief was the reaſon that neither the one nor the other could hurt a very vertuous Derwiche; acccording to the enſuing Fable.

The Fable of the Derwiche, the Thief, and the Devil.

IN the Parts adjoyning to *Babylon*, there was in former times a Derwiche, who liv'd like a true Servant of God. He ſubſiſted only upon ſuch Alms as he receiv'd, and as for other things he gave himſelf up wholy to Providence, without troubling himſelf with the intreagues of this World.

One day, one of his Friends ſent him a fat Ox; which a Thief ſeeing as it was led to his lodging, reſolv'd to have it what ever it coſt him. Going to the Convent, he met the Devil in the ſhape of a Man. He ask'd him who he was, and whither he was going. To whom the Devil made anſwer, I am the Devil, who have taken human ſhape upon me,

me, and I am going to this Monaſtery, to kill the Derwiche that lives there; becauſe his example does me a world of Miſchief, by making ſeveral wicked People turn honeſt and good Men: And therefore I intend to Murder him, becauſe my Temptations have hitherto prov'd uſeleſs. I, anſwer'd the Thief, am a notorious Robber, and I am going to the ſame Monaſtery to ſteal a fat Ox that was given to the Derwiche that you deſign to kill. I am glad, quoth the Devil, that we are both of the ſame Humour, and that we both of us deſign to do the Monk a Miſchief.

In the midſt of this Diſcourſe they came both to the Convent: Night was already well advanc'd; the Derwiche had ſaid his uſual Prayers, and was gone to Bed. And now the Thief and the Devil were both preparing to put their deſign in Execution, when the Thief ſaid to himſelf, the Devil in going to kill him, will make the Monk cry out, and raiſe the Neighbourhood: Which will hinder me from ſtealing the Ox. The Devil on the other ſide reaſon'd with himſelf after this manner. If the Thief goes to ſteal the Ox, before I have executed my deſign, the noiſe he will make in breaking open the Door will waken the Derwiche to ſtand upon his Guard. Therefore ſaid the Devil to the Thief, let me firſt kill the Derwiche, and then thou may'ſt ſteal the Ox at thy own leiſure; no, ſaid the Thief, the better way will be for you to ſtay till I have ſtole the Ox, and then do you Murder the Monk. But both refuſing to give way the one to the other, they quarrell'd firſt, and from words

words they fell to down-right fifty Cuffs. At which ſport the Devil proving the ſtronger of the two, the Thief call'd out to the Derwiche, riſe Monk, Riſe, here's the Devil come to Murder you. On the other ſide the Devil perceiving himſelf diſcover'd, cry'd out, Thieves, Thieves, look to your Ox, Monk. Preſently, the Monk waking at the noiſe, call'd in the Neighbours, which conſtrain'd the Thief and the Devil to betake themſelves to their Heels: And thus the Derwiche ſav'd both his Life and his Ox.

The chief Miniſter having heard this Fable, falling into a very great Paſſion, ſaid he to the King, I find you will ſuffer your ſelf to be deceiv'd by this Raven, as the Joyner was deceiv'd by his Wife. Tell me that Story, ſaid *Cabahang*.

The Fable of the Joyner and his Wife.

SIR, reply'd the Miniſter, in the City of *Sarandib*, there liv'd a Joyner, who was very skilful in his Art, and the Husband of a Wife ſo beautiful that the Sun ſeem'd to borrow his Brightneſs from her eyes. She was ſo paſſionately belov'd by her Husband, that he was almoſt out of his Wits, when he was conſtrain'd to be abſent from her. This Woman was ſo crafty, that ſhe had found a way to make her Husband believe that ſhe lov'd him as dearly, tho' ſhe had ſeveral Gallants that were not unacceptable to her. Among the reſt there was a Neighbour of hers, a young Man well ſhap'd, who had wone her affection to that degree, that ſhe began to care for none of the reſt. Upon which they became ſo jealous of him, that they gave the Joyner notice of his familiarity with his Wife. But the honeſt Husband was unwilling to believe any thing, unleſs he were well aſſur'd; and therefore that he might be certain of a Truth which he was afraid to know, he pretended that he was to go a ſmall Journey: And taking ſome proviſions with him, he told his Wife, that 'twas true he ſhould not go very far, but his buſineſs would keep him out two or three Days; which was a great trouble to him to want her Company ſo long. His wife pay'd him in the ſame Coin, bemoaning the tediouſneſs of his Abſence, and ſhedding an *April* ſhower of Tears rather for joy then grief. How ever ſhe got every thing ready for her Husband's departure,

who,

who, the better to diſſemble the matter, bid her be ſure to keep the Doors faſt, for fear of Thieves. She, on the other ſide, promis'd to be very careful of every thing, and ſtill put her Finger in her Eye for grief that he was to leave her. But her Husbands back was no ſooner turn'd, but ſhe gave notice to her Gallant to come to her, who kept his time to a Minuite. But while they were dallying together, the Joyner return'd home, enter'd without being ſeen; and clapt himſelf into a Corner, to ſee how things went.

In the mean time the Gallant careſs'd his Miſtreſs, who admitted his careſſes with delight. They ſupp'd together; then made themſelves unready to go to Bed.

The Joyner who till then had ſeen little or nothing that could convince him of his ſhame ſtole ſoftly toward the Bed to take 'em in the Act: But his Wife having obſerv'd him, whiſper'd her Lover in the Ear, that he ſhould ask her which ſhe lov'd beſt, him or her Husband. Preſently her Gallant, with a loud Voice, Don't you love me, my Dear, cry'd he, much better then your Husband? Why do you ask me ſuch a Queſtion, anſwer'd the Wife? Know you not that Women, when they ſeem to ſhew any Friendſhip to any other Man but their Husbands, 'tis only to ſatisfie their pleaſure; and when they are ſatisfy'd, they never think of their pretended lover more. For my part I Idolize my Husband, I wear him always in my heart; and in my Opinion that Woman is unworthy to live, that loves not her Husband better then her ſelf.

Theſe words were ſome kind of Cordial to the Joyner's ſpirits; who began to blame himſelf for the bad Opinion he had of his Wife: ſaying to himſelf, the fault which ſhe now commits muſt be imputed to my abſence and the frailty of her Sex: The chaſteſt perſon in the World ſins either in deed or intention; and therefore ſince ſhe loves me ſo well, I pardon her offence, nor will I deprive her of a moment of her Pleaſure: And after he had made theſe Reflexions, the courteous Spouſe, retir'd to his Corner, and let the two Lovers wanton together, all the reſt of the Night.

The Lover departing betimes in the Morning, the Wife lay a Bed counterfeiting her ſelf aſleep: But then the Husband going to Bed, in his turn fell a careſſing her; and the Wife opening her Eyes, and diſſembling Aſtoniſhment, Laud! my dear Heart, ſaid ſhe to her Husband, how long have you been return'd? Ever ſince laſt Night reply'd the Joyner, but I was unwilling to diſturb the young Man that lay with you, becauſe you had me in your mind all the while you receiv'd his careſſes, which you would never have admitted but that you thought me abſent. Upon theſe kind words, the Wife beg'd the Husbands Pardon, and coax'd him up with a thouſand Flim-flams and falſe Marks of Tenderneſs.

This Examples inſtructs us, that we are not to be lull'd aſleep with fair words. Enemies when they cannot obtain their Ends by force have recourſe to Artifices, and humble themſelves to deceive. Here *Carchenas* cry'd out, Oh! You that are ſo Zealous for my Death, why do you not put an

end

end my Days, but talk too many things to no purpoſe to increaſe my Miſery? What probability of Perfidiouſneſs do you find in a Perſon ſo wounded as I am? What Madman would ſuffer ſo much torment to do good to another? 'Tis in that very things, reply'd the Viſir, that thy ſubtlety Conſiſts. The ſweetneſs of revenge which thou art meditating, makes thee patiently ſwallow the bitterneſs of thy pains. Thou wouldſt fain make thy ſelf as famous as the Monkey that ſacrifiz'd his Life to the ſafety of his Country. I deſire the King to hear the Story.

The Fable of the Monkies and the Bears.

A Great number of Monkeys liv'd in a Country ſtor'd with all manner of Fruit, and very delightful. A Bear travelling that way by accident, and conſidering the Beauty of the Reſidence, and the ſweet lives the Monkies led, ſaid he to himſelf, 'tis not juſt nor reaſonable that theſe little Animals ſhould live ſo happy, while I am forc'd to run through Forreſts and Mountains in ſearch of Food: And at the ſame time he went among the Apes and kill'd ſome of 'em for very Madneſs: But they all fell upon him, and in regard they were very numerous, they made him all over of a goar Blood; ſo that he had much ado to eſcape.

Thus Puniſh'd for his Raſhneſs, he recover'd a Mountain, where he fell a roaring ſo loud, that a great number of Bears came about him, to whom he recounted what had befallen him. But all laught at him; thou art a Coward, cry'd they, to ſuffer thy ſelf to be beaten by thoſe little Animals. However this affront is not to be endur'd; it muſt be reveng'd for the honour of our Nation. In ſhort toward the Beginning of the Night, they deſcended all from the Mountain, and fell pell mell upon the Monkies, dreaming nothing leſs then of ſuch an Invaſion. For they were all retir'd to their Reſt, when they were ſurrounded by the Bears, who kill'd a great number; the reſt eſcaping in diſorder. After which Exploit, the Bears were ſo taken with this

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Habitation, that they made choice of it for the Place of their abode. They ſet up for their King, the Bear that had been ſo ill handl d by the Monkies; and after that, they fell to banquet upon the Proviſions which the Monkies had heap'd together in their Magazines.

The next Morning by break of Day, the King of the Monkies, who knew nothing of this Rout, becauſe he had been a Hunting for two Days together, met ſeveral Monkies maim'd, who gave him an Account of what had paſt the day before. The King, when he heard this doleful news, fell a Weeping and Lamenting the vaſt Treaſure he had loſt, accuſing Heaven of Injuſtice, and Fortune of inconſtancy: Beſides that, his ſubjects preſt him to take his revenge; ſo that the poor King knew not which way to turn himſelf. Among all theſe Monkies, there was one call'd *Maimon*, who was one of the moſt crafty and moſt learned in the Court, and the Kings favourite, who ſeeing his Maſter ſad, and his Companions in Conſternation, ſtood up, and addreſſing himſelf to the King, Perſons of Wit and Diſcretion, ſaid he, never abandon themſelves to deſpair, which is a Tree that bears very bad Fruit: But Patience on the Contrary, ſupplies us with a thouſand inventions to rid our ſelves out of the entanglements of Trouble and Adverſity.

Preſently the King, whom this diſcourſe had render'd much more eaſie in his mind, turning to *Maimon*, how ſhall we do, ſaid he, to bring our ſelves off with Honour from this ignominious Miſhap? *Maimon* be-

ſought his Majeſty to allow him private audience, and after he had obtain'd it, he ſpoke to this Effect.

Sir, ſaid he, my Wife and Children have been maſſakerd by theſe Tyrants. Conjecture you my Grief, to ſee my ſelf depriv'd for ever of thoſe ſweets which I enjoy'd in the midſt of my Family. I am reſolv'd to dye, that I may put an end to my ſorrows: But my death ſhall prove fatal to my Enemies. O *Maimon*, ſaid the King, we never deſire to be reveng'd of our Enemies, but to procure to our ſelves repoſe or ſatisfaction of Mind. But when you are Dead, what ſignifies it to you, whether the World be at Wars or in Peace? Sir, reply'd *Maimon*, in the condition I am in, life being inſupportable to me, I ſacrifice it with delight to the happineſs of my Companions. All the favour I beg of your Majeſty, is only to remember my Generoſity, when you ſhall be re-eſtabliſh'd in your Dominions. Command my Ears to be torn from my Head, my Teeth to be pull'd out, my Feet to be cut off, and then let me be left the Night time in a Corner of the Forreſt where we were lodg'd. Retire you, Sir, with the remainder of your Subjects, and remove two Days journey from hence, and the third you may return to your Place; for you ſhall hear no more of your Enemies. The King, tho' with great grief, caus'd *Maimon's* deſires to be Executed, and left him in the Wood, where all Night long he made the moſt doleful Lamentations that ever Miſery utter'd.

When

When Day ſhone out, the King of the Bears, who had heard *Maimon's* out-cries, advanc'd to ſee what it was, and beholding the Poor Monkey in that Condition, he was mov'd with compaſſion, notwithſtanding his mercileſs Humour, and ask'd him who had us'd him after that barbarous manner, and who he was? *Maimon* judging by all appearances, that he was the King of the Bears that ſpoke to him, after he had reſpectfully ſaluted him, Sir, ſaid he, I am the King of the Monkey's chief Miniſter, I went a Hunting with him, and at our return, underſtanding the Ravages which your Majeſties Souldiers had committed in our Houſes, he took me a-ſide, and ask'd me what I thought was his beſt courſe to take in ſuch a Conjuncture? I anſwer'd him without any heſitation, that we ought to put our ſelves under your Protection, that we might live at eaſe and unmoleſted. The King my Maſter then talk'd many ridiculous things of your Majeſty, which was the Reaſon that I took the boldneſs to tell him, that you were a moſt renowned Prince, and more Potent then he Which audaciouſneſs of mine incens'd him to that degree, that immediately he commanded me to be thus mangl'd as you ſee me.

Maimon had no ſooner concluded his Relation, but he let fall ſuch a ſhower of Tears, that the King of the Bears was mollifi'd alſo, and could not forbear Weeping himſelf. After that, he ask'd *Maimon*, where the Monkeys were? In a deſart call'd *Mardazmay*, anſwer'd he, where they are raiſing a prodigious Army; and there is no queſtion to be made,

but they will be with you in a very ſhort time. The King of the Bears, not a little terrifi'd as this News, ask'd *Maimon* what courſe he ſhould take to ſecure himſelf from the Enterpriſes of the Monkeys? Your Majeſty, reply'd *Maimon*, need not fear 'em, were not my Legs broke, I would undertake with one ſingle Troop of your *Heydukes*, to deſtroy Forty thouſand of theſe Apes. There is no queſtion, ſaid the King, but you know all the Avenues to their Camp. You will oblige us for ever, would you but conduct us thither, and we will revenge the Barbarity committed upon your Perſon. That's impoſſible, reply'd *Maimon*, becauſe I can neither go nor ſtand. There is a remedy for every thing, anſwer'd the King, and I will find an invention to carry ye; and at the ſame time he gave orders to his Army to be in readineſs to march, and to put themſelves into a condition to Fight. They all obey'd, and ty'd *Maimon*, who was to be their Guide, upon the Head of one of the bigeſt Bears.

Maimon conducted 'em into the Deſart of *Mardazmay*, where blew a poiſonous Wind, and where the Heat was ſo vehement that there was no Creature to be ſeen in it. Now when the Bears were enter'd into this dangerous Deſart, *Maimon*, to engage 'em farther into it, Come, ſaid he, by way of Encouragment, let us make haſte and ſurprize 'em before Day. So they march'd all Night; but the next Day they were aſtoniſh'd to find themſelves in ſo diſmal a Place. They not only ſaw not ſo much as the likeneſs of a Monkey appear, but they perceiv'd that the Sun had ſo heated the Air, that the Birds that flew over the Deſart fell down

down griddl'd; and the Sand was ſo Burning hot, that the Bears Feet were all Roaſted. Then ſaid the King to *Maimon*, into what a Deſart haſt thou brought us? And what fierce Whirl-Winds do I ſee coming toward us? Then the Monkey, finding they were all ready to periſh, ſpoke Boldly, and in anſwer to the King of the Bears, Tyrant, ſaid he, we are in the Deſart of Death: The Whirl-Wind that approaches us is Death it ſelf, which comes to puniſh thee for thy Tyrannies: And while he was thus ſpeaking, the fiery Whirl-Wind came and ſwept 'em all away.

Two days after, the King of the Monkeys return'd to his Palace, as *Maimon* foretold him; and finding all his Enemies gone, continu'd a long Reign in Peace with his Apes.

Your Majeſty, purſu'd the Viſir, ſees by this Example, that there is no truſting to the alluring Words of an Enemy. He muſt periſh that ſeeks the Deſtruction of others. This diſcourſe put the King of the Owls in a Paſſion, who in a fume cry'd to the chief Miniſter, why all this ſtir to hinder this Poor miſerable Creature from the Proof of my Clemency? And at the ſame time he commanded his Surgeons to dreſs *Carchenas*, and to take particular care of him. You don't conſider, added the King, that you may fall under the ſame misfortune that has befallen him.

As for *Carchenas*, he behav'd himſelf ſo well, that in a little time he won the Love of all the Court. The King of the Owls confided in him, and began to do nothing without firſt conſulting him. One day *Carchenas* addreſing himſelf to the King; Sir, ſaid he, the King of

the Ravens has abus'd me ſo unjuſtly, that I ſhall never dye ſatisfy'd, till I have firſt gratify'd my Revenge. I have been a long time romaging my Brains for the Means: But I have bethought my ſelf, that I never can compaſs it ſafely nor handſomly, ſo long as I wear the ſhape of a Raven. I have heard Men of Learning and Experience ſay, that he who has been ill us'd by a Tyrant, if he makes any wiſh, he muſt put himſelf into the Fire; for that, while he continues there all his wiſhes will be heard. For which reaſon I beſeech your Majeſty that I may be thrown into the Fire, to the end that in the middle of the Flames, I may beg of God to change me into an Owl. Perhaps Heaven will hear my Prayer, and then I ſhall be able to revenge my ſelf upon my Enemy.

The chief Miniſter that had ſpoken againſt *Carchenas* was then in the Aſſembly, and hearing this luſcious Speech, O Traytour, cry'd he, whither tends all this ſuperfluous Language? Now art thou weaving miſchief, as ſure as God is in Heaven. Sir, added he, turning to the King, you may careſs this wicked Fellow as long as you pleaſe, he will never change his Nature. The Mouſe was metamorphos'd into a Maid, and yet ſhe could not forbear wiſhing to have a Rat for her Husband. You love to tell Fables, ſaid the King to him in Raillery; and I will hear this Fable of yours for once; but I will not promiſe you to be a Pin the better for it.

The Fable of the Mouſe, that was chang'd into a little Girl.

A Perſon of Quality walking one Day by the ſide of a Fountain, ſaw a Mouſe fall at his Feet from the Bill of a Raven who held it a little too careleſly. The Gentleman out of pity took it, up and carry'd it home; but fearing leſt it ſhould cauſe any diſorder, he pray'd the Gods to change it into a Maid. Which was preſently done; ſo that inſtead of a Mouſe, of a ſudden he ſaw a very pretty Girl, which he Bred up. Some Years after the good Man ſeeing her big anough to be Marry'd, chuſe out, ſaid he to her, in all the whole extent of Nature, what Being pleaſes thee beſt, and I will make him thy Husband. I would, ſaid the Virgin, have a Husband ſo ſtrong, that he ſhould never be vanquiſh'd. That muſt needs be the Sun, reply'd the old Gentleman: And therefore the next Morning, ſaid he to the Sun, my Daughter deſires an invincible Husband, will you Marry her? Alas, anſwer'd the Sun, yonder Cloud enfeebles my Beams; addreſs your ſelf to that. Then the good Man made his Compliment to the Cloud. Alas, ſaid the Cloud, the Wind drives me as it pleaſes. The old Gentleman nothing diſcourag'd, deſir'd the Wind to Marry his Daughter. But the Wind laying before him, that his ſtrength was ſtopt by ſuch a Mountain, he addreſs'd himſelf to the Mountain. Oh! Sir, ſaid the Mountain, the Rat is ſtronger then I; for he pierces me in every ſide, and eats into my very

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ry Bowels; whereupon the old Gentleman went at length to the Rat, who conſented to Marry his Daughter, ſaying withal that he had been a long time ſeeking out for a Wife. So the old Gentleman returning home, ask'd his Daughter whether ſhe would Marry a Rat. Now he expected that ſhe would have abhorr'd the Thoughts of ſuch a Marriage; but he was amaz'd to ſee her out of Patience to be united to a Rat. Thereupon the old Man went to his Prayers again, and deſir'd the Gods that they would turn his Daughter into a Mouſe as ſhe was before, which they did accordingly.

But the King of the Owls attributing all theſe Remonſtrances to his chief Miniſters Jealouſie of the Raven, took little notice of 'em. In the mean time *Carchenas* obſerv'd the comings in and goings out of the Owls, and when he had perfectly inform'd himſelf of every thing, he left 'em and return'd to the Ravens. He gave the King his Maſter an Account of every thing that had paſt, and then, Sir, ſaid he, now is the time for us to be reveng'd of our Enemies. In a Mountain that I know, there is a Cave where all the Owls meet every day, and this Mountain is environ'd with a Wood. Your Majeſty needs no more but to command your Army to carry a great Quantity of that Wood, to the Mouth of the Cave. I will be ready at hand to kindle the Wood, and then all the Ravens ſhall flutter round about, to blow the Fire into a flame. By which means ſuch Owls as ſhall adventure out, will be burnt in the flames, and ſuch as ſtay within ſhall be ſmother'd.

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The King approv'd the Ravens Counſel, and ordering his whole Army to ſet forward, they did as *Carchenas*, had contrived it, and by that means deſtroy'd all the Owls. By this Example you ſee that ſometimes ſubmiſſion to an Enemy is requiſite for the eluding of their wicked Deſigns. Of which the Fable that follows is a further Proof.

The Fable of the Serpent and the Frogs.

A Serpent became old and feeble, and no longer able to Hunt abroad for his Food: he wail'd the Infirmities of old Age, and wiſh'd in vain for the ſtrength of his youthful Yeats: However hunger forc'd him to find out a Stratagem to get his Livelyhood. He went to the Brink of a Ditch, where liv'd an infinite Number of Frogs that had Elected a King to Rule over 'em. There the Serpent ſeem'd to be very ſad and ſick; upon which a Frog askt him what he ayl'd. I am ready to Starve, anſwer'd the Serpent: Formerly I liv'd upon the Frogs which I took, but now I am ſo unfortunate that I cannot catch one. Preſently the Frog went and inform'd the King of the Serpent's Condition and anſwer. Upon which report, the King went himſelf to the place to look upon the Serpent, who ſeeing him, Sir, ſaid he, one Day as I was going to ſnap a Frog by the Tayl, the Frog got from me,

and

and fled to a Monks Apartement, and enter'd into a dark Chamber, where lay a little Infant a ſleep. At the ſame time I alſo enter'd in purſuit, of my Game, and feeling the Childs Foot, which I took for the Frog, I bit it in ſuch a venomous manner that the Child immediately Dy'd. The Monk provok'd by my boldneſs, purſu'd me with all his might, but not being able to overtake me, he beg'd of Heaven for the Puniſhment of my Crime, that I might never be able to catch Frogs more, unleſs their King gave me one or two in Charity; and laſtly he added to his wiſhes, that I might be their ſlave and obey 'em. Theſe Prayers of the Monk, continu'd the Serpent, were heard, and I am now come to ſubmit my ſelf to your Laws, and obey your Orders, ſince it is the will of Heaven.

The King of the Frogs receiv'd him with great Diſdain and ſwelling Pride, and told him with a haughty Taunt, that he would make uſe of his Service; and indeed for ſome Days, the Serpent carry'd the King upon his Back: But at length, moſt Potent Monarch, ſaid he, if you intend that I ſhould ſerve you long, you muſt feed me, or I ſhall ſtarve to Death. Thou ſay'ſt very true, honeſt Serpent, reply'd the King of the Frogs, hence forward I will allow thee to ſwallow two of my Subjects a Day for thy Subſiſtance. Thus the Serpent, by ſubmiting to his Enemy, ſecur'd to himſelf, at his Enemies coſt, a ſubſiſtance during the remainder of his Life.

Sir, ſaid *Pilpay*, Your Majeſty ſees by theſe Examples, that Patience is a great Vertue,

tue, and mainly conduces to bring about vaſt Deſigns. Wiſe Men had Reaſon to ſay, that Prudence goes beyond ſtrength; a Man by his Wit may redeem himſelf out of Danger: But know withal, and 'tis no more then what theſe Examples inform us, that we are never to truſt an Enemy, whatever Proteſtations of Friendſhip he makes you. A Raven will be a Raven ſtill. Only true Friends are to be rely'd upon, and only their Converſation and Familiarity can be Beneficial to us.

The End.

GR. HI. BR. MUS.

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